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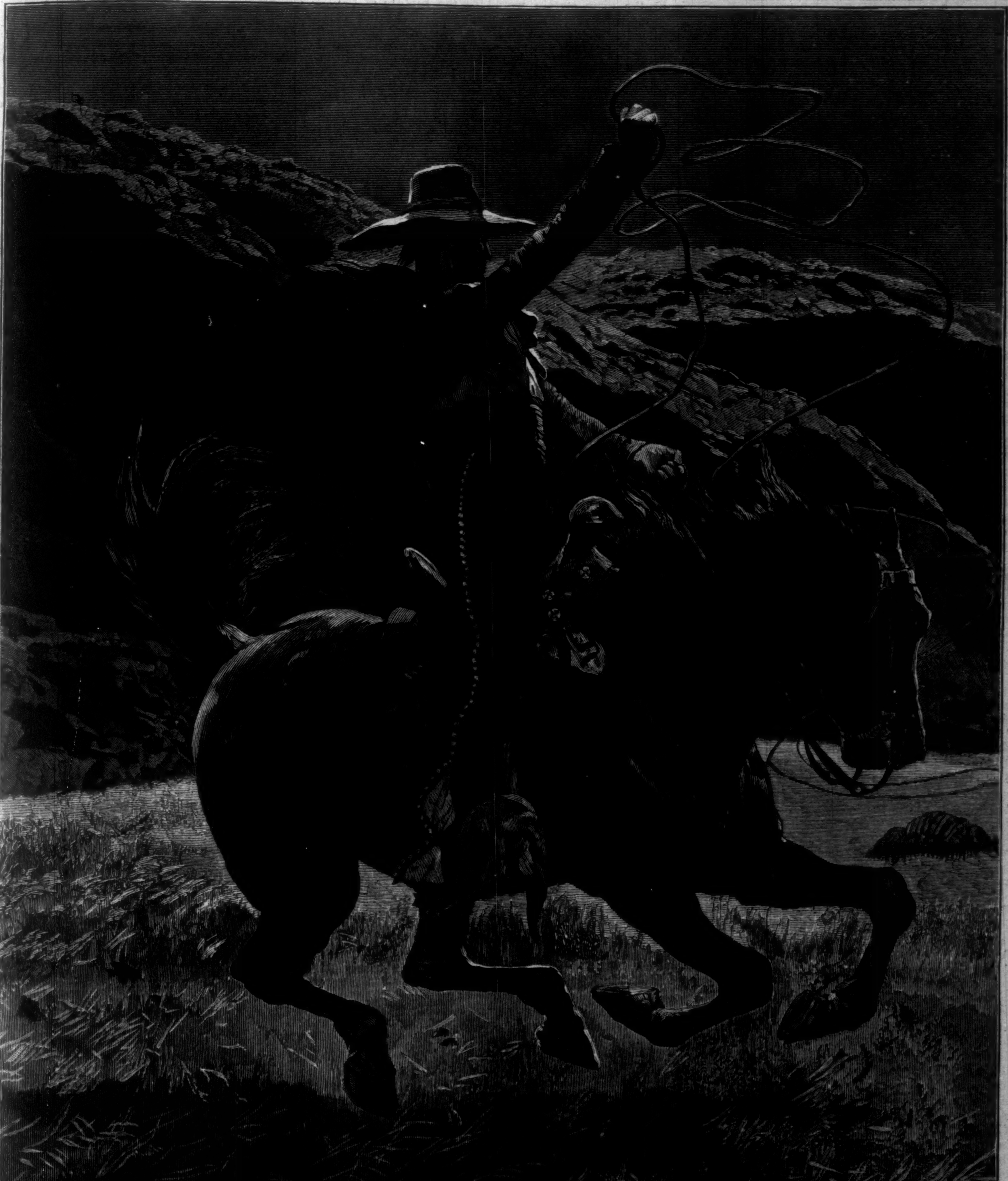

"THE LONG DETACHING RINGS AGAIN WRITHED IN MID-AIR, AND SOFTLY DESCENDED AS HE THUNDERED PAST."—[See Serial "Maruja," Page 390.]

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The principal illustrations in the current number are a front-page of a very attractive character, engraved after a drawing by CULMER BARNES, *a full-page by* JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled*

"'MAY SATURDAY' IN CENTRAL PARK,"

and another full-page by F. S. CHURCH, N.A., *called "Summer has Come at Last."*

MR. DAVID KER'S *serial, "Into Unknown Seas," is unfolded in an unusually long installment, and "Rolf House" gains in interest as it draws near its close. The short story of this number is "Mare's Calf and Gorilla," by* F. B. STANFORD. *All the stories are illustrated.*

A very pretty illustration by J. C. BEARD *is entitled "The Woodland Wedding," the accompanying verses being by* MARGARET EYTINGE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

REMOVALS AND REFORM.

THE question is loudly asked, whenever a questionable appointment or removal is made, whether that is civil service reform, and whether it is not absurd cant to say that an administration has any regard for reform if it appoints a HIGGINS. The answer is very simple. An administration may be inconsistent in its action, and yet its head may have a great regard for reform. Because civil service reform was not the rule of his administration, is it absurd cant to say that General GRANT desired sincerely to effect certain reforms? Because the reformed system was observed at a very few points only under the administration of Mr. HAYES, was he hostile to it, and false in saying that he approved and desired it? And because Mr. ARTHUR observed the letter of the law, yet did many things inconsistent with its spirit, was he a "fraud" and a hypocrite and a canting pretender? The Republican party was in continuous power for twenty-four years, and often professed the kindest interest in reform. But because it did not establish it during its long ascendency, and because reform was despised and ridiculed by many of its most influential leaders, and by its "working politicians," would it be fair to denounce the party as a Pharisaic humbug and swindler?

Have you heard, writes an indignant correspondent, of the removal of the Collector at Woodchuck Bay, and have you the face to assert that an administration which can be guilty of such a wrong has anything but the profoundest contempt for reform? Of course it is enough to answer such a question, Have you heard of the appointment of Mr. GRAVES, and of the promotions in the office of the Treasurer of the United States, and of the re-appointment of Mr. PEARSON? But it is not by such instances on one side or the other that the honesty of the administration toward reform and the good faith of the President are to be tested. That is to be done by observing the principle upon which removals are made, and the fitness of the selections for appointment. We do not need to repeat what we have said many times, both during President ARTHUR'S term and the short time since Mr. CLEVELAND'S inauguration, that the displacement of a good and experienced officer merely because his term has expired, and the substitution for him of an inexperienced person, however honest and capable, is a violation of sound principle. Moreover, if this practice should become the rule of this or of any administration, the result would be a complete change of the *personnel* of the civil service for political reasons only. This would be the spoils system, modified by two considerations, that the changes would not be made by a clean sweep, and that the classified service of certain subordinate clerkships would not be directly affected.

Certain Republican critics of the administration, however, seem to assume that the test of honesty in its reform sympathies is the general retention of Republican officers. But this is a test which Republican administrations could not stand even when succeeding other Republican administrations, and when dealing with the expired terms of Republicans. The known reform convictions and the official courage and honesty of Mr. CLEVELAND drew to his support many friends of reform to whom the support of Mr. BLAINE was impossible. But Mr. CLEVELAND'S party was no more a reform party, as such, than the Republican party, and it may be safely asserted that the administration of no party will ever carry out completely and consistently any policy which is not the demand of the party. It is the advantage which President CLEVELAND has in promoting reform that except for the support of its friends he would not have been elected, and that his reform course will be sustained by a large, independent, and important constituency. The more consistent that course should be, the more certain would be the rupture of the Democratic party, and the more positive the support of independent and patriotic citizens of all parties. On the other hand, the President is not likely to suppose that the Democratic party can be strengthened by complete surrender to the old abuses of patronage. His way lies forward, not backward, and his administration will be judged, not by its inconsistencies in single actions, but by its general spirit and tendency.

A TIMELY REMINISCENCE.

IN a recent address at Columbia, Missouri, Secretary BAYARD said that the election of JEFFERSON was due to no man more than to ALEXANDER HAMILTON, his great political rival and opponent. Yet, to defeat JEFFERSON, HAMILTON had made the suggestion to Governor JOHN JAY of a course which JAY declared to be inadmissible. When, however, the choice lay between JEFFERSON and BURR, HAMILTON threw all his influence for JEFFERSON. HAMILTON'S conduct at the time of this election was truly patriotic. As soon as the tie between JEFFERSON and BURR was ascertained, HAMILTON wrote to the stiff old Federalist OLIVER WOLCOTT, then Secretary of the Treasury, protesting earnestly against the possible support of BURR by the Federalists. Yet in the same letter, as a party manœuvre to divide the opposition, he unwisely suggested that BURR should be tempted "to start for the plate." HAMILTON asked WOLCOTT to show his letter to JOHN MARSHALL, Federal Secretary of State, and to THEODORE SEDGWICK, the Speaker.

The next day HAMILTON renewed his urgent appeal to WOLCOTT, assuring him that he could do no greater service to his country than to resist BURR'S election. He said that assurances might be obtained from JEFFERSON upon four cardinal points, one of which was "the continuance of our friends in the offices they fill, except in the great departments, in which he ought to be left free." But Federal opinions widely differed. The chance of defeating JEFFERSON was almost irresistible. WOLCOTT doubted whether BURR ought to be elected, but he was philosophically indifferent; CABOT thought that the choice of BURR would be wise for the Federalists; AMES disapproved; but HARRISON GRAY OTIS was inclined to try; JOHN MARSHALL would not support JEFFERSON under any circumstances, but he confessed that HAMILTON had shown him that BURR deserved support still less, and he would therefore take no part; Speaker SEDGWICK opposed BURR, and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS expressed the honorable view of the situation in saying that since it was the evident intention of the people to make JEFFERSON their President, it was only proper to fulfill that intention.

The actual contest of the election by the House began on the 11th of February, and the election turned upon the patronage of the "inferior offices." Mr. BAYARD, who held the vote of Delaware, was the leader of the Federalists, who rather preferred BURR, but thought that he could not be elected, and who would elect JEFFERSON if "a satisfactory arrangement could be made." But in explaining the scope of the desired promise from Mr. JEFFERSON in regard to patronage, Mr. BAYARD said, "I considered it not only reasonable but necessary that offices of high discretion and confidence should be filled by men of Mr. JEFFERSON'S choice, and exemplified by mentioning on the one hand the offices of the Secretary of State, Treasury, foreign ministers, etc., and on the other the collectors of ports." Mr. BAYARD stated, in 1806, that he was assured by the friends of Mr. JEFFERSON, with whom he talked, that he was authorized by Mr. JEFFERSON to say that his views coincided with those of Mr. BAYARD. These were substantially the views which HAMILTON had stated to WOLCOTT, and upon this assurance to Mr. BAYARD, JEFFERSON was elected. He was not elected, however, by the vote of BAYARD, but by the blank vote cast by him and by the Maryland Federalists, and the withdrawal of MORRIS, of Vermont. Mr. JEFFERSON afterward denied that he had ever given any assurance in regard to patronage. But he wrote, on the 14th of February, three days after the balloting begun, "No man [in office] who had conducted himself according to his duties would have anything to fear from him," and that "those who had done ill would have nothing to hope, be their political principles what they might." This disposed of removals, and in regard to appointments he said: "The Republicans had been excluded from all offices from the first origin of the division into Republican and Federalist. They had a reasonable claim to vacancies till they occupied their due share." These views were undoubtedly made known to the Federalists and were satisfactory. This passage in our political history is peculiarly interesting for many reasons, and among others both for illustrating the conduct of HAMILTON, who, partisan as he was, would not imperil the public welfare for a party advantage, and for showing the line which, in the opinion of eminent party leaders at that time, like HAMILTON and BAYARD, divided the political from the non-political offices. They held the collectorship to be a non-political office.

MR. LOWELL.

AFTER his mission to Spain and to England, Mr. LOWELL returns to the United States. He went abroad one of the most eminent of American poets and scholars, and he returns one of the most distinguished and efficient of American foreign ministers. His foreign service, while not in the technical sense diplomatic as a negotiator of treaties and of other formal international arrangements, has yet been in a very different way as advantageous to his country as that of the three ADAMSES, of GALLATIN, or of any of our more distinguished diplomatists. He has heightened the respect of England for American character, and has shown the American type of the qualities and gifts which England most admires. Mr. LOWELL'S remarkable success is due to his strong and distinctive American character. No man by temperament and taste and cultivation was more fitted to enjoy whatever is distinctively English. But he could no more cease to be an American because he enjoyed England than a pine-tree from Katahdin could cease to be a pine because it was transplanted to a friendly soil.

As he said at Cambridge, upon unveiling the bust of GRAY, he came to England a kind of distant cousin, but as he left he was conscious that he was treated as a brother. It has been naturally pleasant for intelligent Englishmen to see a fine specimen of the English stock developed under different conditions. It may well stir the just and generous pride of England that there is a Greater Britain, built upon her own principles, to which she has been herself not always faithful. Yet England is insular and provincial. JOHN BRIGHT says that she hates foreigners. This, indeed, is a quality which partly explains her force and ascendency. And it is a peculiar triumph to have tamed this hostility, and to have showed her a foreigner who compelled her friendly admiration.

The felicity and grace which Mr. LOWELL has shown in all his public addresses in England, and especially in the one which is least known in this country, but which is most striking and significant of all, that upon Democracy, have been remarkable. He is a poet, but his characteristic is common-sense, and while charmed with the fine thought and insight and gay humor of his literary addresses, the most phlegmatic Briton has not detected any florid excess. Mr. LOWELL'S characterizations of CARLYLE and FIELDING and COLERIDGE and GRAY have been comprehensive and incisive, and are among the best things ever said of them, and his speeches upon more general occasions have had a singular charm of fitness and happy suggestion. He leaves England amid general regret. The Queen is known to have spoken of him with sincere esteem. The working-men presented him with an address. The University of Cambridge heard with emotion his simple farewell and acknowledgment of kindness. London society has lost one of its most brilliant and fascinating figures, and his country welcomes home a son who brings new titles to her gratitude.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.

AS our issue of last week appeared, speaking of Mr. GLADSTONE'S continued majority, the news arrived of the loss of his majority and the defeat of his administration. It did not fall upon any of the great questions which have recently excited the country. The defeat was not a Parliamentary condemnation of the Russian or Egyptian or Irish policy of the Government. It was a question of an increased tax upon beer. As Mr. GLADSTONE pointedly said, it was a choice between a tax upon alcoholic liquors and upon tea and sugar, and the Government preferred to lay it upon the intoxicating liquor and not upon the innocent beverage. But the beer interest is strong. There were many Liberals absent. The Parnellites were urged to do everything to defeat the Ministry. Thirty-nine Parnellites voted against the Government. The vote was announced. It was 264 to 252, and the greatest of English statesmen, in the moment of averting from the country a vast and disastrous war, was defeated.

The London papers and the country were evidently amazed and deeply disturbed by the sudden fall of the Ministry. This is not surprising, for the situation was not assuring. It was not a defeat upon a simple issue between the parties, upon the occurrence of which the victorious party would naturally suc-

ceed to the control of affairs. It was a defeat brought about by a vote which cared nothing for the special question involved, but was merely hostile to the Ministry without being friendly to its natural successors. The whole position was false. There were many appeals upon the Ministry not to resign, and the appeal was based upon the duty of forbearance until the elections. The plea for forbearance came too late. It is perfectly well known that a defeated Ministry resigns. If, therefore, the situation is such that their resignation at the moment is not desirable for the country, it is the duty of the opposition not to defeat them, and thereby to demand their resignation. The GLADSTONE government has been overthrown by an unnatural alliance, a combination of Tories and of Irish Nationalists. The last hold the balance of power in the present House of Commons, and vote upon every question, however important, not according to its merits and its advantage or disadvantage to the general interests of the empire which they are constitutionally chosen to protect, but solely with reference to the probable bearing of their vote upon Irish interests.

Mr. GLADSTONE was entirely undisturbed by his defeat, and it is now shrewdly suspected that he was throughout the master of the situation, and "played to lose." He is thrown out upon a question in which he is plainly in the right. He forces the Tories to show the country whether and how they can govern. He is released from the perplexities of the Irish Coercion Act, and the Tories are compelled to pursue his general foreign policy, and to refrain from taking a positive course upon which to appeal to the country. As a mere piece of political tactics the resignation is consummately skillful, and Mr. GLADSTONE has enabled his party to go into the election with confidence and enthusiasm. There is one view of the situation in England which is worth remarking: parties are as thoroughly organized and party spirit is as warm there as here, and party government is as absolute. Now a complete party change of administration has taken place in England—a change as total as that in the United States last March. Yet there is not a postmaster nor a customs officer in the kingdom who trembles. Probably not a hundred changes in the civil service will be made. Yet the election will be as interesting and as warmly contested as any that takes place in this country. The experience of England shows the ineffable absurdity of the theory that nobody in this country would care for politics, or turn out to vote at an election, if the fate of every messenger-boy and coal-heaver and scrubbing-woman in the public service did not depend upon a party change of administration.

A USEFUL GLIMPSE.

GENERAL BRINKERHOFF, of Ohio, who has made a careful study of asylums, prisons, and reformatory institutions in the Northern States, has recently returned from a tour of observation of similar institutions in the Southern States. He is a member of the State Board of Charities in Ohio, and his conclusions are worthy of attention as those of an expert observer. There is no surer indication of the character of the civilization of any community than the condition of its penal and charitable institutions, and, as General BRINKERHOFF says, it was not fair to expect to admire the system of a region whose convicts were still leased to private service.

But this vicious practice he found to be rapidly disappearing everywhere except in Georgia, and he saw much to admire in the management of charitable and reformatory industrial schools, while the jails were no worse than those to which he was accustomed. The insane asylums were carefully supervised, and at Tuscaloosa, in Alabama, he found a State insane asylum "worthy of unbounded praise," and fully as good as the best of such institutions in the Northern States, while in providing proper employment for insane women it is more successful than any asylum that he knows.

Such testimony as this to the actual situation of a part of the country whose condition is constantly observed and misrepresented by party passion for political purposes is of the highest value. It justifies the common sympathy and confidence which are the vital bonds of the Union.

OFFICIAL GOOD SENSE.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is a Secretary of the Navy who certainly compares favorably with any recent incumbent of that office. His prompt action in the affair of the Isthmus, his discreet course in regard to the *Dolphin*, his dismissal of supernumeraries in the navy-yards, the quiet, alert study of the workings of his department, and the evident impression which he has produced that he is not to be deceived, and proposes to take the great responsibility of his trust, are very re-assuring facts in that particular branch of the public service.

The Secretary's good sense was recently shown in his decision in the matter of the Marine Band at Newport. It was charged that the band had no right to engage to play at the Casino, or public club-house, to the detriment of a private band. The Secretary says that there is no law upon the subject, but the practice of outside employment of government bands has become so universal that the compensation paid by the government is somewhat determined by the usage. The usage, however, is and must be limited by the requirement that government musicians shall not enter into unfair competition with private musicians because they could afford to ask a lower price, and the Newport case the Secretary finds to go beyond the permissible line. But so long as government musicians rest upon their professional ability only, and compete fairly with others in the same occupation, no just criticism, he says, can be made upon such a method of increasing the limited compensation allowed by the government.

The energy, efficiency, and "level-headedness" of the Secretary, with freedom from all suspicion of jobbery or of political manipulation in the Navy Department, will help the Administration very much more than Mr. Chairman VAN PELT of the Cook County Democratic Committee, in Illinois, who storms at the Administration because he was disappointed in the appointment of a marshal, can harm it.

GENERAL GRANT'S CANDOR.

THE extracts which have been published from the autobiography of General GRANT show the sturdy frankness of his character and his sincere desire to state only the truth. No pride of consistency or of infallibility prevents his correction of any misapprehension or of any statement that might produce a wrong impression. This is well illustrated by a passage in regard to General ALEXANDER McCOOK:

"In an article on the battle of Shiloh, which I wrote for the *Century Magazine*, I stated that General A. McD. McCOOK, who commanded a division of BUELL's army, expressed some unwillingness to pursue the enemy on Monday, April 7, because of the condition of his troops. General BADEAU, in his history, also makes the same statement on my authority. Out of justice to General McCOOK and his command, I must say that they left a point twenty-two miles east of Savannah on the morning of the 6th. From the heavy rains of a few days previous, and the passage of trains and artillery, the roads were necessarily deep in mud, which made marching slow. The division had not only marched through this mud the day before, but it had been in the rain all night without rest. It was engaged in the battle of the second day, and did as good service as its position allowed. In fact, an opportunity occurred for it to perform a conspicuous act of gallantry which elicited the highest commendation from division commanders in the Army of the Tennessee. General SHERMAN, in both his memoirs and report, makes mention of this fact. General McCOOK himself belonged to a family which furnished many volunteers to the army. I refer to these circumstances with minuteness because I did General McCOOK injustice in my article in the *Century*, though not to the extent one would suppose from the public press. I am not willing to do any one an injustice, and if convinced that I have done one, I am always willing to make the fullest admission."

General GRANT's autobiography will be a work of singular interest and value, not only as a record of achievement, but as an illustration of character.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

IT was long since discovered that light is the best police. If the merchant leaves a gas jet brightly burning, he may dispense with bull-dogs and iron shutters. "Turn on the light" is an exhortation to purification. To shed light is to expose corruption and to send thieves and swindlers flying. Let us apply this conservative force to the subject which now commands universal attention, that of appointment to office.

The appointing power, whether the President, or Secretary, or whoever he may be, when making a selection for office, except when a man's public standing is the explanation and justification of his appointment, depends upon advice. He exercises his responsibility upon the counsel of others. Let us turn on the light, and know who they are. No man ought to ask for an appointment of which he is ashamed, and therefore he ought not to be unwilling to have it known that he has asked for it. Let the letters and signatures to petitions of those who solicit place for themselves or others be published, or registered so as to be accessible.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, according to a story which is not improbable, signed every petition that was brought to him, but he privately informed the appointing power that his own name was not to be regarded, but that the name SMITH VAN BUREN at the foot of a letter meant MARTIN VAN BUREN. Another eminent public man in New York signed every petition, and wrote a letter for every applicant who asked. But he also had a private understanding with the appointing officers that when he really wished the applicant to succeed he would write a private note. This is a familiar part of the whole imposture and outrage of the system of appointment by "inflooence." Let us turn on a little more light, and see who it is that asks for the appointments that ought not to be made, and the kind of recommendations that are given. When a man knows that his letter or his name to a petition to appoint somebody to serve the public will be seen by the public for whom he undertakes to speak, he will be a little careful. Turn on the light.

MR. PARNELL AND THE CABINET CRISIS.

A LONDON correspondent of the *Evening Post* has had an interesting conversation with Mr. PARNELL, who "said, triumphantly, 'By last night's division we have taught a lesson to all future cabinets; we have got rid of the present one, with its successive failures of FORSTER, TREVELYAN, and SPENCER; we have saved the only remaining industry of Ireland, whiskey, and we have put an end to coercion forever.'" He said, further, what will, perhaps—but only perhaps—please the Tories, "We will give them a fair trial"; and Mr. PARNELL evidently feels that he will hold the balance of power, and defeat any Ministry of any party which does not accept his terms.

His theory is that no government, not even that of GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, nor of any English friends of Ireland, would give the necessary relief to that country. Precisely what that relief is he does not say. But it may be safely assumed that so long as the manufacture and consumption of whiskey is the chief industry of the island, its radical relief will be delayed. One other thing, also, is tolerably clear. If, by any chance, the Tories should carry the country and control the new Parliament, they would not be more friendly to Ireland than the Liberals have been.

A British cabinet which should propose to put Ireland upon the same independent footing toward the empire as Canada, would probably create an Irish party, and divide the present opposition. But it would not satisfy the Irish extremists, who would be very powerful, as extremists under such circumstances always are, and it would hardly command the approval of England. Mr. PARNELL's game depends for success upon the irreconcilable hostility of English parties toward each other. But the essential conservatism of the country could easily develop a resistless combination against any substantial rupture of the empire. Mr. PARNELL's position will make the situation more interesting.

PERSONAL.

THE award of the medal of honor for painting to M. BOUGUEREAU was a surprise to most of his friends. They supposed that he had received it years ago. He has waited long, but it has come at last.

—A visitor to the Sultan notices his red Turkish cap, his pale and expressive face, his dark but somewhat mournful eyes, and his carefully clipped beard and mustache as true Oriental features; but his well-chosen clothes and elegant patent-leather boots come from the workshop of some well-known Parisian artist, who takes care that his imperial customer keeps pace with every change in the fashions of the day.

—Mr. HENRY IRVING has "intimated his desire" to subscribe $250 to a fund for a memorial tablet to the late FREDERICK J. FARGUS (Hugh Conway) in Bristol Cathedral.

—Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY has been addressing a meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London. He said that one of the most interesting books he could write would be the true story of a missionary's life in Africa. He thought he could do it, because he was unprejudiced and unbiassed. The society should not send young missionaries to Africa without teaching them how to learn practical life. It should advise them how to keep their health, for the climate of Africa was not half so dangerous as many parts of the Southern States of America, and much cooler than the room in which he was speaking. What was the value of a dead missionary any more than of any other dead man? Dr. LIVINGSTONE was for six years without one grain of medicine, eating corncobs with teeth so loose that he might have plucked them out, and a few green bananas. He lived to his sixty-first year, and was perpetually talking of the beauties of Africa.

—Says the *Athenæum*: "All the able American painters seem to study in Paris."

—Professor HUXLEY unveiled the statue of Mr. DARWIN in the British Museum on the 9th of June. The best part of his life has been devoted to unveiling Mr. DARWIN himself.

—Lady BRASSEY's entertainments are the scenes of varied diversions. Those of her guests who like music hear plenty of it; those of them who like dancing are provided with an excellent floor; those who like pictures and sculpture can satisfy themselves by looking around them.

—"All the papers," says the London *World*, "have been praising Mr. ABBEY's 'An Old Song' at the Institute."

—Bishop COLENSO is dead, but his heirs are alive, and they have served a written notice upon the Boer Commission to quit some land in South Africa which they claim to be their property.

—A child playing with matches caused the destruction of 232 houses in the Hungarian village of Nemedi. The entire population has been made bankrupt thereby.

—Mr. HEALY, one of the Irish members of Parliament, has been telling the citizens of Belfast that he expects to "coalesce" with the Ulster Tories, because, in the first place, they were an extremely harmless party. Their fangs had been drawn. They were perhaps the most stupid party ever returned. In the House of Commons they were absolutely harmless. They counted merely as heads in the lobby, but for brains—well, he would not talk about them. Were their brains to be converted into LIEBIG's extract of meat, they would not give political intelligence to a baby three years old.

—OSCAR WILDE's mother, Lady WILDE, has been recording her impressions of various matters. The idyllic type of TENNYSON and CHARLES KINGSLEY no longer exists in England, which has only two classes—masters and slaves. RUSKIN is the literary head of England in the present age. The Lutheran religion of Denmark is simply a gentlemanly repugnance to coarse, vulgar crime.

—When the distinguished naturalist FRANK BUCKLAND lay dying he said: "God is so good, so very good, to the little fishes, I do not believe he would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

—VICTOR HUGO has left a great fortune—$600,000 on deposit with the ROTHSCHILDS, and a larger sum in the Bank of Belgium, together with real estate in Paris and Germany, and his very valuable copyrights. He must have been worth at least $2,000,000.

—The unfinished statue of SALMON P. CHASE, modelled by the late CLARK MILLS in Washington, has been sold for its value as old metal. There are several statues in Central Park that would serve a similar purpose admirably.

—In a recent lecture at Vassar College, on Founder's Day, Mr. Mark Twain informed his audience that his usual price was $500, but that he would do the work on that occasion for fifty cents, and "take the other $449 50 out in looking at the girls."

—The Duke of Argyll has been suffering much pain with gout in his right arm.

—The approaching departure from Boston of Mr. JAMES R. OSGOOD is made the occasion of a hearty expression of the esteem in which he is held by his old townsmen. The *Advertiser* says: "The aims of all the firms with which Mr. OSGOOD has been connected have been conspicuously high. Those who have had dealings with them in a business way, and those who have only watched for the books bearing their imprint, have had abundant evidence of this, and it is a well-appreciated fact in the knowledge of authors that Mr. OSGOOD's urbanity, consideration, and liberality have gone far to make such accusations as once were common against publishers seem impossible and malicious." The first public announcement of Mr. OSGOOD's intentions was made by himself in a letter to the *Advertiser*, as follows: "Permit me to state that I am at present awaiting here the final settlement of the affairs of the late firm of JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. When that shall be accomplished I expect to remove to New York, and to become connected with Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, who, upon learning of my recent business misfortune, with characteristic hospitality promptly renewed an offer made me several years ago of a position in their house."

—The Ithaca *Journal* says: "As is generally known to all Cornell students and Ithaca people, the article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last winter on 'The House of Orange' was from the able pen of Professor W. T. HEWETT. Among the many compliments that have been paid Professor HEWETT was one received the other day from her Royal Highness the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. The Grand-Duchess is a sister to the present King of Holland, and belongs to the house of Orange. She expresses her satisfaction at the manner in which the subject is treated, as placing a matter of Dutch history before the world in a pleasing and truthful light. She is also highly pleased with the engravings that were given to illustrate the subject."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

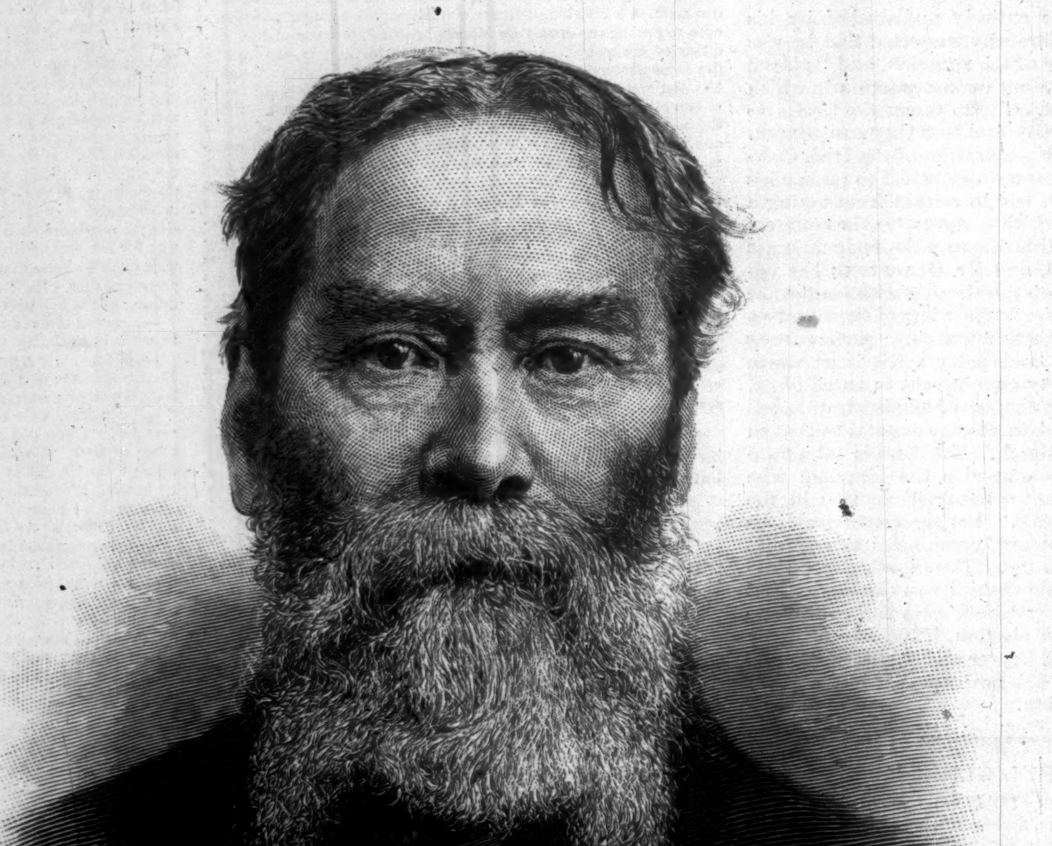
James Russell Lowell was born in 1819, in the charming old house known as Elmwood, in Cambridge, which he inherited, and in which he has lived ever since, except during his three visits to Europe. He graduated at Harvard in 1838, and entered on life in what was then perhaps one of the most homogeneous communities in the civilized world. Massachusetts, when he first saw the light in it, had ceased for nearly two centuries to receive accessions to its population from Europe or from the other colonies; and the people had in that period undergone a process of religious and political training which resulted in producing a very distinctly marked type of character. The manners were simple, though there was in Boston a good deal of what in that day was considered luxury. The nearest approach to inequality of conditions showed itself in the popular reverence for scholarship, of which the clergy, as *ex officio* scholars, got the largest share, and, in fact, formed a sort of intellectual aristocracy. Mr. Lowell's father was one of them, but he had a line of ancestry distinguished both in law and theology. The State, too, when he was born, was still in the trading and farming stage. Boys who got tired of agriculture, and wanted to make their fortunes, went to sea, and the rich men made their money in shipping. Manufactures on a great scale were unknown, or had not yet created the demand for labor which has since almost half filled the State with foreigners, and transformed its society. There was still among the people an almost perfect community of traditions, manners, and ideals, united with a very high average of intelligence. Mr. Lowell, in illustration of the seclusion they had enjoyed, tells of the curiosity with which he, when a young man, examined the first Irishman he had ever seen. Of that quaint, unique, original New England, now so nearly vanished, he and Dr. Holmes are among literary men the only genuine surviving products. Both belong to what Dr. Holmes has called "the Brahmin caste," and both have the pride of race and traditions which the long separation of their forefathers from the rest of the world so naturally generated.

When Mr. Lowell left college he found himself in the midst of the Transcendental movement, and was profoundly stirred by the new gospel which Emerson was then preaching. It sounded in his listening ears like a trumpet call to new duties and efforts. The air was full of impending change, nobody knew exactly of what nature. But among the younger generation there was a deep-seated belief that by simply taking thought the world could be vastly and suddenly improved. The old theological view, too, of life here as a preparation simply for life hereafter was rudely and permanently shaken, and the intellectual youth were filled with a new hope of making much of this present life for its own sake.

The movement does not seem to have taken hold of Mr. Lowell's imagination on the religious side; on the political side it did. Slavery was then rapidly becoming a question which political moralists had to handle, and poets began to get inspiration from. It was probably through it that he first became a politician. It drew from him some of his earliest and best literary efforts, and, above all, that masterpiece of humor, the *Biglow Papers*. Between 1840 and 1848 the Abolitionists got constant and effective support from his pen, though he never formally enrolled himself amongst them. Some impromptu verses of his, in the style of the *Fable for Critics*, describing in a comic vein the leaders of the movement, were read at the Antislavery Bazar in Boston in 1846, and were admirable bits of humorous characterization. They were printed at the time, but have never appeared in any collected edition of his works. In fact, it was the humor rather than "the falsehood of extremes" which most touched his fancy in dealing with enthusiasts, as the late Stephen Foster. His "Anti-Texas" was perhaps the most powerful protest of that day against the annexation of that State for pro-slavery purposes. As late as 1848 he apostrophized William Lloyd Garrison in some noble and well-known lines, suggested by Harrison Gray Otis's account of his first discovery of the *Liberal* and its editor in "an obscure hole." It is proposed to place the first stanza as an inscription on the pedestal of Garrison's statue shortly to be erected in Boston:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man.
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began."

Among Mr. Lowell's latest literary contributions to the antislavery cause was a series of articles in the London *Daily News*, furnished at Charles Dickens's request when that paper was started under his management. They ceased when Dickens abdicated, and, as they were not signed, attracted comparatively little attention, but would now have considerable historic value.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—Photographed by Bassano, of London.

After Mr. Lowell's return from his first visit to Europe, in 1851, he turned more distinctly than before to pure literature as a pursuit. He delivered a course of lectures on the British poets, in Boston, in the winter of 1854–5, and in the latter year, on the retirement of Mr. Longfellow, was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and Modern Languages in Harvard College—an office which he retained until he went as Minister to Spain in 1877. He became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* shortly after it was founded in 1857, and gave it a momentum which it retained for some time after he left it in 1862. But although he was a good editor, and had in a high degree that most valuable of the editorial faculties—the faculty of discovering and stimulating good writers—the work was harness, and harness he never could bear in the literary field. He afterward, for a short period, assumed the editorship of the *North American Review* conjointly with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, but Mr. Norton had the laboring oar. Mr. Lowell's share of the work consisted mainly in the contribution of articles on various literary topics, many of which were afterward collected in two volumes of essays entitled, respectively, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*.

His life between his retirement from the *Atlantic Monthly* and his going to Europe again in 1872 was passed in the duties of his professorship, combined with great literary activity and voracious reading in the delightful old house at Elmwood. He is probably one of the few men of mature age in our day who can read steadily in one book twelve or sixteen hours at a stretch, and remember what he reads, and put it away for future use within easy reach. In fact, his memory has almost as much retentiveness as Macaulay's, and if it had been drilled in the historical as much as in the literary field, would perhaps have made as deep a popular impression. Its extraordinary excellence has, indeed, one might almost say, damaged his prose by excess of erudition. The allusiveness of Mr. Lowell's literary criticism sometimes makes a burden which the unlearned reader finds it hard to carry.

In spite of the dying out of Mr. Lowell's formal relations with the antislavery movement, his interest in politics as the nation drifted toward the war never flagged, and he watched the outbreak and progress of hostilities with painful interest, intensified by personal losses on the battle-field. He received many visits, too, during and after the conflict, from wandering Englishmen, whose criticism had still at that period a good deal of patronage in it, which sorely tried American souls, like Mr. Lowell's, found it hard to bar. His impatience with it at last found expression in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which afterward became famous on both sides of the water, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners." It begot, too, combined with the conduct of the British government during the war, an alienation of feeling from the mother-country which, if he had continued his secluded life in Cambridge, might have ended in settled Anglophobia. With what absorbing and passionate interest the war and its consequences had taken hold of his imagination was shown in those splendid and well-known bursts of lyric fervor, his three Memorial Odes, and that written for the commemoration at Harvard of the graduates who fell in the field, as well as in the acute and touching tribute to the character of Abraham Lincoln contained in his recent lecture on "Democracy" in England.

The professorship which he held down to his departure for Spain he filled with remarkable success. He was a great favorite with the under-graduates, owing to the unfailing courtesy of his manners, the total absence of all use of authority in the lecture-room, and his undisguised admiration of youth and freshness, which, it was used to be jokingly said, made it very hard for him to give a low mark to a good-looking, well-mannered young fellow. At the recitations, too, his marvellous fullness of knowledge constantly found vent in talks on the book or topic under examination, which were in the highest degree stimulating as well as interesting. He had also the great advantage in the students' eyes—which all the professors did not share—of being considered a thorough man of the world, who was familiar with life and manners outside the college yard. He was, in other words, besides being a great scholar, something which many of them would sooner be than great scholars. His love of the town of Cambridge, his birth-place and home, was almost fervent, and he loved to cultivate it by recalling the place when it was simply a large village, forming a kind of appendage to the University, and communicating with Boston only twice a day by a lumbering stage, when Harvard was little better than a high school, in which real "boys" could graduate at sixteen, and the quaint or eccentric characters whose growth was possible only in the isolation of the days before railroads were met daily in the streets. The surrounding scenery, and especially the banks of the Charles, delighted him, and until he went abroad he liked to indulge in not wholly jocose comparisons of Cambridge views with the most famous of the Old World.

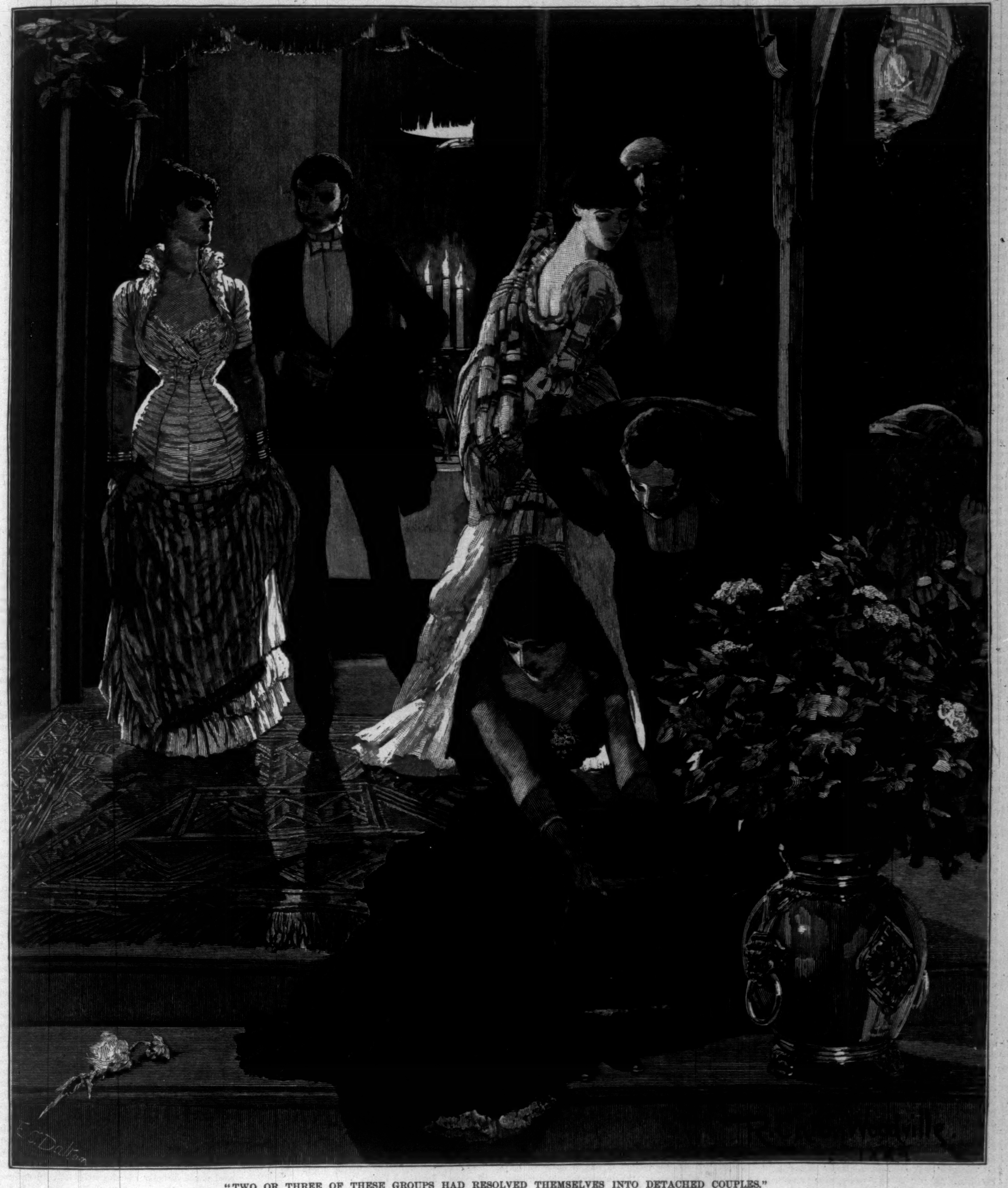
When appointed Minister to Spain by the Hayes administration in 1877 he had already reached the age when men find it difficult to make new friends, and the ranks of the old ones begin to be sensibly thinned. The tendency to live in his library at Elmwood and to see but little society was becoming more and more marked. His sense of the ravages death had made in his circle was touchingly expressed in the exquisite tribute to the memory of his early and intimate friend, Edmund Quincy, who died in 1871.

He says, apostrophizing Bankside, the Quincy homestead at Dedham:

"I christened you in happier days, before
These gray forebodings on my brow were seen;
You are still lovely in your new-leaved green:
The brimming river soothes his grassy shore;
The bridge is there; the rock with lichens hoar;
And the same shadows on the water lean,
Outlasting us. How many graves between
That day and this! How many shadows more
Darken my heart, their substance from these eyes
Hidden forever! So our world is made
Of life and death commingled; and the sighs
Outweigh the smiles, in equal balance laid.
What compensation? None save that the Allwise
So schools us to love things that can not fade."

His acceptance of the Spanish mission seemed, therefore, in all respects to promise a happy and stimulating change in his life; but his residence at Madrid was a sad disappointment, owing to the prolonged and dangerous illness of Mrs. Lowell. His transfer to London was in all respects cheering. His fame as a poet and as the foremost American man of letters had preceded him, but Englishmen knew little or nothing of the extraordinary social gifts which life in London afterward brought to light. He was well known in Boston, of course, as a talker of remarkable powers; and the friends who saw him preside on such occasions as the Phi Beta Kappa dinners knew what a master of after-dinner oratory he was. But long familiarity had robbed such occasions as these of most of their stimulating effect. It was not until he found himself in representing not only the United States, but American literature and ideas in the face of that extraordinary combination of talent and accomplishment which London supplies, that his remarkable social gifts were fully displayed. His occasional speeches surprised and charmed the British public by their fullness of knowledge, grace of style, and perfection of taste. Probably no presentation of American ideas on government in its relation to the individual man or on the future of universal suffrage was so complete and satisfactory as his address on "Democracy," of which we have already spoken. In fact, it might be said, without doing injustice to his predecessors, that he was the first official envoy ever sent from this country to the English people, as distinguished from the English government. There was happily but little diplomatic work for him to do during his term of office. He had the nobler and more useful task of so commending American standards to the British public as to make all differences between the two nations less probable, and if differences did arise, to lighten the labors of all future peace-makers.

E. L. Godkin.



"TWO OR THREE OF THESE GROUPS HAD RESOLVED THEMSELVES INTO DETACHED COUPLES."

MARUJA.*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Maruja had barely entered the dark corridor when she came upon the visitor—a gray, hard-featured man of sixty—who had evidently entered without ceremony. "I see you did not wait to be announced," she said, sweetly. "My mother will be flattered by your impatience. You will find her in the patio."

"Pereo did not announce me, as he was probably still under the effect of the aguardiente he swallowed yesterday," said the Doctor, dryly. "I met him outside the tienda on the highway the other night talking to a pair of cut-throats that I would shoot on sight."

"The mayordomo has many purchases to make, and must meet a great many people," said Maruja. "What would you? We can not select *his* acquaintances; we can hardly choose our own," she added, sweetly.

The Doctor hesitated as if to reply, and then, with a grim "Good-morning," passed on toward the patio. Maruja did not follow him. Her attention was suddenly absorbed by a hitherto unnoticed motionless figure that seemed to be hiding in the shadow of an angle of the passage as if waiting for her to pass. The keen eyes of the daughter of Joseph Saltonstall were not deceived. She walked directly toward the figure, and said, sharply, "Pereo!"

The figure came hesitatingly forward into the light of the grated window. It was that of an old man, still tall and erect, though the hair had disappeared from his temples, and hung in two or three straight, long, dark elf-locks on his neck. His face, over which one of the bars threw a sinister shadow, was the yellow of a dried tobacco leaf, and veined as strongly. His garb was a strange mingling of the vaquero and the ecclesiastic—velvet trousers, open from the knee down, and fringed with bullion buttons; a broad red sash around his waist, partly hidden by a long straight chaqueta, with a circular sacerdotal cape of black broadcloth slipped over his head through a slit-like opening braided with gold. His restless yellow eyes fell before the young girl's, and the stiff, varnished, hard-brimmed sombrero he held in his wrinkled hands trembled.

"You are spying again, Pereo," said Maruja, in another dialect than the one she had used to her mother. "It is unworthy of my father's trusted servant."

"It is that man—that coyote, Doña Maruja, that is unworthy of your father, of your mother, of *you!*" he gesticulated, in a fierce whisper. "I, Pereo, do not spy. I follow, follow the track of the prowling, stealing brute until I run him down. Yes, it was *I*, Pereo, who warned your father he would not be content with the half of the land he stole! It was I, Pereo, who warned your mother that each time he trod the soil of La Mision Perdida he measured the land he could take away!" He stopped pantingly, with the insane abstraction of a fixed idea glittering in his eyes.

"And it was *you*, Pereo," she said, caressingly, laying her soft hand on his heaving breast—"*you* who carried me in your arms when I was a child. It was you, Pereo, who took me before you on your pinto horse to the rodeo, when no one knew it but ourselves, my Pereo, was it not?" He nodded his head violently. "It was you who showed me the gallant caballeros, the Pachecos, the Castros, the Alvarados, the Estudillos, the Peraltas, the Vallejos." His head kept time with each name as the fire dimmed in his wet eyes. "You made me promise I would not forget them for the Americanos who were here. Good! That was years ago. I am older now. I have seen many Americans. Well, I am still free!"

He caught her hand, and raised it to his lips with a gesture almost devotional. His eyes softened; as the exaltation of passion passed, his voice dropped into the querulousness of privi-

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leged age. "Ah, yes! you, the first-born, the heiress—of a verity, yes! You were ever a Guitierrez." But the others? Eh, where are they now? And it was always: 'Eh, Pereo, what shall we do to-day? Pereo, good Pereo, we are asked to ride here and there; we are expected to visit the new people in the valley—what say you, Pereo? Who shall we dine to-day?' Or, 'Inquire me of this or that strange caballero, and if we may speak.' Ah, it is but yesterday that Amita would say, 'Lend me thine own horse, Pereo, that I may outstrip this swaggering Americano that clings ever to my side,' ha! ha! Or the grave Dorotea would whisper, 'Convey to this Señor Presumptuous Pomposo that the daughters of Guitierrez do not ride alone with strangers.' Or even the little Liseta would say, he! he! 'Why does the stranger press my foot in his great hand when he helps me into the saddle? Tell him that is not the way, Pereo.' Ha! ha!" He laughed childishly, and stopped. "And why does Señorita Amita now—look—complain that Pereo, old Pereo, comes between her and this Señor Raymond—the maquinista? Eh, and why does *she*, the lady mother, the Castellana, shut Pereo from her councils?" he went on, with rising excitement. "What are these secret meetings, eh?—what these appointments, alone with this Judas—without the family—without *me*?"

"Hearken, Pereo," said the young girl, again laying her hand on the old man's shoulder, "you have spoken truly; but you forget—the years pass. These are no longer strangers; old friends have gone; these have taken their place. My father forgave the Doctor, why can not you? For the rest, believe in me—me—Maruja"—she dramatically touched her heart over the international complications of the letters of Captain Carroll and Peralta. "I will see that the family honor does not suffer. And now, good Pereo, calm thyself. Not with aguardiente, but with a bottle of old wine from the Mission refectory, that I will send to thee. It was given to me by thy friend Padre Miguel, and is from the old vines that were here. Courage, Pereo! And thou sayest that Amita complains that thou comest between her and Raymond. So! What matter? Let it cheer thy heart to know that I have summoned the Peraltas, the Pachecos, the Estudillos, all thy old friends, to dine here to-day. Thou wilt hear the old names, even if the faces are young to thee. Courage! Do thy duty, old friend; let them see that the hospitality of La Mision Perdida does not grow old, if its mayordomo does. Faquita will bring thee the wine. No, not *that* way; thou needest not pass the patio, nor meet that man again. Here, give me thine hand; I will lead thee. It trembles, Pereo! These are not the sinews that only two years ago pulled down the bull at Soquel with thy single lasso. Why, look, I can drag thee—see!" and with a light laugh and a boyish gesture she half pulled, half dragged him along, until their voices were lost in the dark corridor.

Maruja kept her word. When the sun began to cast long shadows along the veranda, not only the outer shell of La Mision Perdida, but the dark inner heart of the old casa, stirred with awakened life. Single horsemen and carriages began to arrive; and mingled with the modern turn-outs of the home party and the neighboring Americans, were a few of the cumbrous vehicles and chariots of fifty years ago, drawn by gayly trapped mules with bizarre postilions, and occasionally an outrider. Dark faces looked from the balcony of the patio, a light cloud of cigarette smoke made the dark corridors the more obscure, and mingled with the forgotten incense. Bare-headed pretty women with roses starring their dark hair wandered with childish curiosity along the broad veranda and in and out of the French windows that opened upon the grand saloon. Scrupulously shaved men with olive complexion, stout men with accurately curving whiskers meeting at their dimpled chins, lounged about with a certain unconscious dignity that made them contentedly indifferent to any novelty of their surroundings. For a while the two races kept mechanically apart; but through the tactful gallantry of Garnier, the cynical familiarity of Raymond, and the impulsive recklessness of Aladdin, who had forsaken his enchanted palace on the slightest of invitations, and returned with the party in the hope of again seeing the Princess of China, an interchange of civilities, of gallantries, and even of confidences, at last took place. Jovita Castro had heard (who had not?) of the wonders of Aladdin's palace, and was it of actual truth that the ladies had a bouquet and a fan to match their dress presented to them every morning, and that the gentlemen had a champagne cocktail sent to their rooms before breakfast? "Just you come, miss, and bring your father and your brothers, and stay a week, and you'll see," responded Aladdin, gallantly. "Hold on! What's your father's first name? I'll send a team over there for you to-morrow." "And is it true that you frightened the handsome Captain Carroll away from Amita?" said Dolores Briones over the edge of her fan to Raymond. "Perfectly," said Raymond, with ingenuous frankness. "I made it a matter of life or death. He was a soldier, and naturally preferred the former as giving him a better chance for promotion." "Ah! we thought it was Maruja you liked best." "That was two years ago," said Raymond, gravely. "And you Americanos can change in that time?" "I have just experienced that it can be done in less," he responded over the fan, with bewildering significance. Nor were these confidences confined to only one nationality. "I always thought you Spanish gentlemen were very dark, and wore long mustaches and a cloak," said pretty little Miss Walker, gazing frankly into the smooth round face of the eldest Pacheco—"why, you are as fair as I am." "Eaf I tink that, I am forever mizzarable," he replied, with grave melancholy. In the dead silence that followed he was enabled to make his decorous point. "Because I shall not ezcape ze fate of Narcissus." Mr. Buchanan, with the unrestrained and irresponsible enjoyment of a traveller, entered fully into the spirit of the scene. He even found words of praise for Aladdin, whose extravagance had at first seemed to him almost impious. "Eh, but I'm not prepared to say he is a fool, either," he remarked to his friend the San Francisco banker. "Those who try to pick him up for one," returned the banker, "will find themselves mistaken. His is the prodigality that loosens others' purse strings besides his own. Everybody contents himself with criticising his way of spending money, but is ready to follow his way of making it."

The dinner was more formal, and when the mistress of the house, massive in black silk, velvet, and gold embroidery, moved like a pageant to the head of her table, where she remained like a sacerdotal effigy, not even the presence of the practical Scotchman at her side could remove the prevailing sense of restraint. For a while the conversation of the relatives might have been brought with them in their antique vehicles of fifty years ago, so faded, so worn, and so springless it was. General Pico related the festivities at Monterey on the occasion of the visit of Sir George Simpson early in the present century, of which he was an eyewitness, with great precision of detail. Don Juan Estudillo was comparatively frivolous with anecdotes of Louis Philippe, whom he had seen in Paris. Far-seeing Pedro Guitierrez was gloomily impressed with a Mongolian invasion of California by the Chinese, in which the prevailing religion would be supplanted by heathen temples, and polygamy engrafted on the Constitution. Everybody agreed, however, that the vital question of the hour was the settlement of land titles—Americans who claimed under pre-emption and the native holders of Spanish grants were equally of the opinion. In the midst of this the musical voice of Maruja was heard asking, "What is a tramp?"

Raymond on her right was ready, but not conclusive. A tramp, if he could sing, would be a troubadour; if he could pray, would be a pilgrim friar—in either case a natural object of womanly solicitude. But as he could do neither, he was simply a curse.

"And you think that is not an object of womanly solicitude? But that does not tell me *what* he is."

A dozen gentlemen, swept in the radius of those softly inquiring eyes, here started to explain. From them it appeared that there was no such thing in California as a tramp, and there were also a dozen varieties of tramps in California.

"But is he always very uncivil?" asked Maruja.

Again there were conflicting opinions. You might have to shoot him on sight, and you might have him invariably run from you. When the question was finally settled, Maruja was found to have become absorbed in conversation with some one else.

Amita, a taller copy of Maruja, and more regularly beautiful, had built up a little pile of bread-crumbs between herself and Raymond, and was listening to him with a certain shy, girlish interest that was as inconsistent with the serene regularity of her face as Maruja's self-possessed, subtle intelligence was incongruous to her youthful figure. Raymond's voice, when he addressed Amita, was low and earnest; not from any significance of matter, but from its frank, confidential quality.

"They are discussing the new railroad project, and your relations are all opposed to it; to-morrow they will each apply privately to Aladdin for the privilege of subscribing."

"I have never seen a railroad," said Amita, slightly coloring; "but you are an engineer, and I know they must be something very clever."

Notwithstanding the coolness of the night, a full moon drew the guests to the veranda, where coffee was served, and where, mysteriously muffled in cloaks and shawls, the party took upon itself the appearance of groups of dominoed masqueraders, scattered along the veranda and on the broad steps of the porch in gypsy-like encampments, from whose cloaked shadow the moonlight occasionally glittered upon a varnished boot or peeping satin slipper. Two or three of these groups had resolved themselves into detached couples, who wandered down the acacia walk to the sound of a harp in the grand saloon, or the occasional uplifting of a thin Spanish tenor. Two of these couples were Maruja and Garnier, followed by Amita and Raymond.

"You are restless to-night, Maruja," said Amita, shyly endeavoring to make a show of keeping up with her sister's boyish stride, in spite of Raymond's reluctance. "You are paying for your wakefulness to-day."

The same idea passed through the minds of both men—she was missing the excitement of Captain Carroll's presence.

"The air is so refreshing away from the house," responded Maruja, with a bright energy that belied any suggestion of fatigue or moral disquietude. "I'm tired of running against those turtle-doves in the walks and bushes. Let us keep on to the lane. If you are tired, Mr. Raymond will give you his arm."

They kept on, led by the indomitable little figure, who, for once, did not seem to linger over the attentions, both piquant and tender, with which Garnier improved his opportunity. Given a shadowy lane, a lovers' moon, a pair of bright and not unkindly eyes, a charming and not distant figure—what more could he want? Yet he wished she hadn't walked so fast. One might be vivacious, audacious, brilliant, at an Indian trot, but impassioned—never! The pace increased; they were actually hurrying. More than that, Maruja had struck into a little trot, her lithe body swaying from side to side, her little feet straight as an arrow before her, accompanying herself with a quaint musical chant which, she obligingly explained, had been taught her as a child by Pereo. They stopped only at the hedge where she had that morning encountered the tramp.

There is little doubt that the rest of the party was disconcerted—Amita, whose figure was not adapted to this Camilla-like exercise; Raymond, who was annoyed at the poor girl's discomfiture; and Garnier, who had lost a golden opportunity, with the faint suspicion of having looked ridiculous. Only Maruja's eyes, or rather the eyes of her lamented father, seemed to enjoy it.

"You are too effeminate," she said, leaning against the fence and shading her eyes with her fan as she glanced around in the staring moonlight. "Civilization has taken away your legs. A man ought to be able to trust to his feet all day, and to nothing else."

"In fact, a tramp," suggested Raymond.

"Possibly. I think I should like to have been a gypsy, and to have wandered about, finding a new home every night."

"And a change of linen on the early morning hedges," said Raymond. "But do you think seriously that you and your sister are suitably clad to commence to-night? It is bitterly cold," he added, turning up his collar. "Could you begin by showing a pal the nearest hay-stack or henroost?"

"Sybarite!" She cast a long look over the fields and down the lane. Suddenly she started. "What is that?"

She pointed to a tall, erect figure slowly disappearing on the other side of the hedge.

"It's Pereo, only Pereo. I knew him by his long serape," said Garnier, who was nearest the hedge, complacently. "But, what is surprising, he was not there when we came, nor did he come out of that open field. He must have been walking behind us on the other side of the hedge."

The eyes of the two girls sought each other simultaneously, but not without Raymond's observant glance. Amita's brow darkened as she moved to her sister's side, and took her arm with a confidential pressure that was returned. The two men, with a vague consciousness of some *contretemps*, dropped a pace behind and began to talk to each other, leaving the sisters to exchange a few words in a low tone as they slowly returned to the house.

Meanwhile Pereo's tall figure had disappeared in the shrubbery, to emerge again in the open area by the summer-house and the old pear-tree. The red sparks of two or three cigarettes in the shadow of the summer-house and the crouching forms of two shawled women came forward to greet him.

"And what hast thou heard, Pereo?" said one of the women.

"Nothing," said Pereo, impatiently. "I told thee I would answer for this little primogenita with my life. She is but leading this Frenchman a dance, as she has led the others, and the Doña Amita and her Raymond are but wax in her hands. Besides, I have spoken with the little Ruja to-day, and spoke my mind, Pepita, and she says there is nothing."

"And whilst thou wert speaking to her, my poor Pereo, the devil of an American Doctor was speaking to her mother, thy mistress—our mistress, Pereo! Wouldst thou know what he said? Oh, it was nothing."

"Now the curse of Koorotora on thee, Pepita!" said Pereo, excitedly. "Speak, fool, if thou knowest anything!"

"Of a verity, no. Let Faquita, then, speak: she heard it." She reached out her hand, and dragged Maruja's maid, not unwilling, before the old man.

"Good! 'Tis Faquita, daughter of Gomez, and a child of the land. Speak, little one. What said this coyote to the mother of thy mistress?"

"Truly, good Pereo, it was but accident that befriended me."

"Truly, for thy mistress's sake, I hoped it had been more. But let that go. Come, what said he, child?"

"I was hanging up a robe behind the curtain in the oratory when Pepita ushered in the Americano. I had no time to fly."

"Why shouldst thou fly from a dog like this?" said one of the cigarette-smokers, who had drawn near.

"Peace!" said the old man.

"When the Doña Maria joined him they spoke of affairs. Yes, Pereo, she, thy mistress, spoke of affairs to this man—ay, as she might have talked to *thee*. And could he advise this? and could he counsel that? and should the cattle be taken from the lower lands, and the fields turned to grain? and had he a purchaser for Los Osos."

"Los Osos! It is the boundary land—the frontier—the line of the arroyo—older than the Mission," muttered Pereo.

"Ay, and he talked of the—the—I know not what it is!—the r-r-rail-r-road."

"The railroad!" gasped the old man. "I will tell thee what it is! It is the cut of a burning knife through La Mision Perdida—as long as eternity, as dividing as death. On either side of that gash life is blasted; wherever that cruel steel is laid the track of it is livid and barren; it cuts down all barriers; leaps all boundaries, be they cañada or cañon; it is a torrent in the plain, a tornado in the forest; its very pathway is destruction to whoso crosses it—man or beast; it is the heathenish God of the Americanos; they build temples for it, and flock there, and worship it whenever it stops, breathing fire and flame like a very Moloch."

"Eh! St. Anthony preserve us!" said Faquita, shuddering; "and yet they spoke of it as 'shares' and 'stocks,' and said it would double the price of corn."

"Now Judas pursue thee and thy railroad, Pereo," said Pepita, impatiently. "It is not such bagatela that Faquita is here to relate. Go on, child, and tell all that happened."

"And then," continued Faquita, with a slight affectation of maiden bashfulness in the closer-drawing circle of cigarettes—"and then they talked of other things, and of themselves; and of a verity this gray-bearded Doctor will play the goat and utter gallant speeches, and speak of a life-long devotion, and of the time he should have a right to protect—"

"The right, girl! Didst thou say the right? No, thou didst mistake. It was not *that* he meant?"

"Thy life to a quarter peso that the little Faquita does not mistake," said the evident satirist of the household. "Trust to Gomez's muchacha to understand a proposal!"

When the laugh was over, and the sparks of the cigarette cleverly whipped out of the speaker's lips by Faquita's fan had disappeared in the darkness, she resumed, pettishly, "I know not what you call it when he kissed her hand and held it to his heart."

"Judas!" gasped Pereo. "But," he added, feverishly, "she, the Doña Maria, thy mistress, *she* summoned thee at once to call me to cast out this dust into the open air; thou didst fly to her assistance. What! thou sawest this and did nothing—eh?" He stopped, and tried to peer into the girl's face. "No! Ah, I see; I am an old fool. Yes; it was Maruja's own mother that stood there. He! he! he!" he laughed, piteously; "and she smiled and smiled and broke the coward's heart, as Maruja might. And when he was gone, she bade thee bring her water to wash the filthy Judas stain from her hand."

"Santa Ana!" said Faquita, shrugging her shoulders. "She did what the veriest muchacha would have done. When he had gone, she sat down and cried."

The old man drew back a step, and steadied himself by the table. Then, with a certain tremulous audacity, he began: "So! that is all you have to tell—nothing! Bah! A lazy slut sleeps at her duty, and dreams behind a curtain! Yes, dreams!—you understand—*dreams!* And for this she leaves her occupation, and comes to gossip here! Come," he continued, steadily working himself into a passion—"come, enough of this! Get you gone!—you, and Pepita, and Andreas, and Victor—all of you—back to your duty. Away! Am I not master here? Off! I say!"

There was no mistaking the rising anger of his voice. The cowed group rose in a frightened way, and disappeared one by one silently through the labyrinth. Pereo waited until the last had vanished, and then cramming his stiff sombrero over his eyes with an ejaculation, brushed his way through the shrubbery in the direction of the stables.

Later, when the full glory of the midnight moon had put out every straggling light in the great house, when the long veranda slept in massive bars of shadow, and even the trade-winds were hushed to repose, Pereo silently issued from the stable-yard in vaquero's dress, mounted and caparisoned. Picking his way cautiously along the turf-bordered edge of the gravel-path, he noiselessly reached a gate that led to the lane. Walking his spirited mustang with difficulty until the house had at last disappeared in the intervening foliage, he turned with an easy canter into a border bridle-path that seemed to lead to the cañada. In a quarter of an hour he had reached a low amphitheatre of meadows, shut in a half-circle of grassy, treeless hills.

Here, putting spurs to his horse, he entered upon a singular exercise. Twice he made a circuit of the meadow at a wild gallop with flying serape and loosened rein, and twice returned. The third time his speed increased, the ground seemed to stream from under him; in the distance the limbs of his steed became invisible in their furious action, and, lying low forward on his mustang's neck, man and horse passed like an arrowy bolt around the circle. Then something like a light ring of smoke up-curved from the saddle before him, and slowly uncoiling itself in mid-air, dropped gently to the ground as he passed. Again, and once again, the shadowy coil sped upward and onward, slowly detaching its snaky rings with a weird deliberation that was in strange contrast to the impetuous onset of the rider, and yet seemed a part of his fury. And then, turning, Pereo trotted gently to the centre of the circle.

Here he divested himself of his serape, and securing it in a cylindrical roll, placed it upright on the ground, and once more sped away on his furious circuit. But this time he wheeled suddenly before it was half completed, and bore down directly upon the unconscious object. Within a hundred feet he swerved slightly, the long detaching rings again writhed in mid-air, and softly descended as he thundered past. But when he had reached the line of circuit again he turned, and made directly for the road he had entered. Fifty feet behind his horse's heels, at the end of a shadowy cord, the luckless serape was dragging and bounding after him!

"The old man is quiet enough this morning," said Andreas, as he groomed the sweat-dried skin of the mustang the next day. "It is easy to see, friend Pinto, that he has worked off his madness on thee."

CHAPTER IV.

The Rancho of San Antonio might have been a characteristic asylum for its blessed patron, offering as it did a secure retreat from temptations for the carnal eye, and affording every facility for uninterrupted contemplation of the sky above, unbroken by tree or elevation. Unlike La Mision Perdida, of which it had been part, it was a level plain of rich adobe, half the year presenting a billowy sea of tossing verdure breaking on the far-off horizon line, half the year presenting a dry and dusty shore, from which the vernal sea had ebbed, to the low sky that seemed to mock it with a visionary sea beyond. A row of rough, irregular, and severely practical sheds and

buildings housed the machinery and the fifty or sixty men employed in the cultivation of the soil, but neither residential mansion nor farm-house offered any nucleus of rural comfort or civilization in the midst of this wild expanse of earth and sky. The simplest adjuncts of country life were unknown; milk and butter were brought from the nearest town; weekly supplies of fresh meat and vegetables came from the same place; in the harvest season the laborers and harvesters lodged and boarded in the adjacent settlement, and walked to their work. No cultivated flower bloomed beside the unpainted tenement, though the fields were starred in early spring with poppies and daisies; the humblest garden plant or herb had no place in that prolific soil. The serried ranks of wheat pressed closely round the straggling sheds and barns and hid the lower windows. But the sheds were fitted with the latest agricultural machinery; a telegraphic wire connected the nearest town with an office in the wing of one of the buildings, where Dr. West sat, and in the midst of the wilderness severely checked his accounts with nature.

Whether this strict economy of domestic outlay arose from an ostentatious contempt of country life and the luxurious habits of the former land-holders, or whether it was a purely business principle of Dr. West, did not appear. Those who knew him best declared that it was both. Certain it was that unqualified commercial success crowned and dignified his method. A few survivors of the old native families came to see his strange machinery that did the work of so many idle men and horses. It is said that he offered to "run" the distant estate of Joaquin Padilla from his little office amidst the grain of San Antonio. Some shook their heads, and declared that he only sucked the juices of the land for a few brief years to throw it away again; that in his fierce haste he skimmed the fatness of ages of gentle cultivation on a soil that had been barely tickled with native oaken ploughshares.

His own personal tastes and habits were as severe and practical as his business; the little wing he inhabited contained only his office, his living-room or library, his bedroom, and a bath-room. This last inconsistent luxury was due to a certain cat-like cleanliness which was part of his nature. His iron-gray hair—a novelty in this country of young Americans—was always scrupulously brushed, and his linen spotless. A slightly professional and somewhat old-fashioned respectability in his black clothes was also characteristic. His one concession to the customs of his neighbors was the possession of two or three of the half-broken and spirited mustangs of the country, which he rode with the fearlessness, if not the perfect security and ease, of a native. Whether the subjection of this lawless and powerful survival of a wild and unfettered nature around him was part of his plan, or whether it was only a lingering trait of some younger prowess, no one knew; but his grim and decorous figure, contrasting with the picturesque and flowing freedom of the horse he bestrode, was a frequent spectacle in road and field.

It was the second day after his visit to La Mision Perdida. He was sitting by his desk at sunset in the faint after-glow of the western sky, which flooded the floor through the open door. He was writing, but presently lifted his head, with an impatient air, and called out, "Harrison!"

The shadow of Dr. West's foreman appeared at the door.

"Who's that you're talking to?"

"Tramp, sir."

"Hire him, or send him about his business. Don't stand gabbling there."

"That's just it, sir. He won't hire for a week or a day. He says he'll do an odd job for his supper and a shake-down, but no more."

"Pack him off. Stay. What's he like?"

"Like the rest of 'em; only a little lazier, I reckon."

"Umph! Fetch him in."

The foreman disappeared, and returned with the tramp already known to the reader. He was a little dirtier and grimier than on the morning he had addressed Maruja at La Mision Perdida; but he wore the same air of sullen indifference, occasionally broken by furtive observation. His laziness—or weariness, if the term could describe the lassitude of perfect physical condition—seemed to have increased, and he leaned against the door as the Doctor regarded him with slow contempt. The silence continuing, he deliberately allowed himself to slip down into a sitting position in the doorway, where he remained.

"You seem to have been born tired," said the Doctor, grimly.

"Yes."

"What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I told *him*," said the tramp, nodding his head toward the foreman, "what I'd do for a supper and a bed. I don't want anything but that."

"And if you don't get what you want on your own conditions, what 'll you do?" asked the Doctor, dryly.

"Go."

"Where did you come from?"

"States."

"Where are you going?"

"On."

"Leave him to me," said Dr. West to his foreman. The man smiled and withdrew.

The Doctor bent his head again over his accounts. The tramp, sitting in the doorway, reached out his hand, pulled a young wheat stalk that had sprung up near the door-step, and slowly nibbled it. He did not raise his eyes to the Doctor, but sat, a familiar culprit awaiting sentence, without fear, without hope, yet not without a certain philosophical endurance of the situation.

"Go into that passage," said the Doctor, lifting his head as he turned a page of his ledger, "and on the shelf you'll find some clothing stores for the men. Pick out something to fit you."

The tramp arose, moved toward the passage, and stopped. "It's for the job only, you understand?" he said.

"For the job," answered the Doctor.

The tramp returned in a few moments with overalls and woollen shirt hanging on his arm and a pair of boots and socks in his hand. The Doctor had put aside his pen.

"Now go into that room and change. Stop! First wash the dust from your feet in that bath-room."

The tramp obeyed, and entered the room. The Doctor walked to the door, and looked out reflectively on the paling sky. When he turned again he noticed that the door of the bath-room was opened, and the tramp, who had changed his clothes by the fading light, was drying his feet. The Doctor approached, and stood for a moment watching him.

"What's the matter with your foot?"* he asked, after a pause.

"Born so."

The first and second toe were joined by a thin membrane.

"Both alike?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said the young man, exhibiting the other foot.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say it. It's Henry Guest, same as my father's."

"Where were you born?"

"Dentville, Pike County, Missouri."

"What was your mother's name?"

"Spalding, I reckon."

"Where are your parents now?"

"Mother got divorced from father, and married again down South somewhere. Father left home twenty years ago. He's somewhere in California—if he ain't dead."

"He isn't dead."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Henry Guest, of Dentville; and"—he stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand as he deliberately examined the tramp, added, coldly—"your father, I reckon."

There was a slight pause. The young man put down the boot he had taken up. "Then I'm to stay here?"

"Certainly not. Here my name is only West, and I have no son. You'll go on to San José, and stay there until I look into this thing. You haven't got any money, of course?" he asked, with a scarcely suppressed sneer.

"I've got a little," returned the young man.

"How much?"

The tramp put his hand into his breast, and drew out a piece of folded paper containing a single gold coin.

"Five dollars. I've kept it a month; it doesn't cost much to live as I do," he added, dryly.

"There's fifty more. Go to some hotel in San José, and let me know where you are. You've got to live, and you don't want to work. Well, you don't seem to be a fool, so I needn't tell you that if you expect anything from me, you must leave this matter in my hands. I have chosen to acknowledge you to-day of my own free-will; I can as easily denounce you as an impostor to-morrow if I choose. Have you told your story to any one in the valley?"

"No."

"See that you don't, then. Before you go you must answer me a few more questions."

He drew a chair to his table, and dipped a pen in the ink, as if to take down the answers. The young man, finding the only chair thus occupied, moved the Doctor's books aside, and sat down on the table beside him.

The questions were repetitions of those already asked, but more in detail, and thoroughly practical in their nature. The answers were given straightforwardly and unconcernedly, as if the subject was not worth the trouble of invention or evasion. It was difficult to say whether questioner or answerer took least pleasure in the interrogation, which might have referred to the concerns of a third party. Both, however, spoke disrespectfully of their common family with almost an approach to sympathetic interest.

"You might as well be going now," said the Doctor, finally rising. "You can stop at the fonda about two miles further on, and get your supper and bed, if you like."

The young man slipped from the table and lounged to the door. The Doctor put his hands in his pockets and followed him. The young man, as if in unconscious imitation, had put *his* hands in his pockets also, and looked at him.

"I'll hear from you, then, when you are in San José," said Dr. West, looking past him into the grain with a slight approach to constraint in his indifference.

"Yes, if that's agreed upon," returned the young man, pausing on the threshold. A faint sense of some purely conventional responsibility in their position affected them both. They would have shaken hands if either had offered the initiative. A sullen consciousness of gratuitous rectitude in the selfish mind of the father, an equally sullen conviction of twenty years of wrong in the son, withheld them both. Unpleasantly observant of each other's awkwardness, they parted with a feeling of relief.

Dr. West closed the door, lit his lamp, and going to his desk, folded the paper containing the memoranda he had just written, and placed it in his pocket. Then he summoned his foreman. The man entered, and glanced around the room as if expecting to see the Doctor's guest still there.

"Tell one of the men to bring round 'Buckeye.'"

The foreman hesitated. "Going to ride to-night, sir?"

"Certainly; I may go as far as Saltonstall's. If I do, you needn't expect me back till morning."

"Buckeye's mighty fresh to-night, boss. Regularly bucked his saddle clean off an hour ago, and there ain't a man dare exercise him."

"I'll bet he don't buck his saddle off with me on it," said the Doctor, grimly. "Bring him along."

The man turned to go. "You found the tramp pow'ful lazy, didn't ye?"

"I found a heap more in him than in some that call themselves smart," said Dr. West, unconsciously setting up an irritable defense of the absent one. "Hurry up that horse!"

The foreman vanished. The Doctor put on a pair of leather leggings, large silver spurs, and a broad soft-brimmed hat, but made no other change in his usual half-professional conventional garb. He then went to the window and glanced in the direction of the highway. Now that his son was gone, he felt a faint regret that he had not prolonged the interview. Certain peculiarities in his manner, certain suggestions of expression in his face, speech, and gesture, came back to him now with unsatisfied curiosity. "No matter," he said to himself; "he'll turn up soon again—as soon as I want him, if not sooner. He thinks he's got a mighty soft thing here, and he isn't going to let it go. And there's that same d——d sullen dirty pride of his mother, for all he doesn't cotton to her. Wonder I didn't recognize it at first. And hoarding up that five dollars! That's Jane's brat, all over! And, of course," he added, bitterly, "nothing of *me* in him. No; nothing! Well, well, what's the difference?" He turned toward the door with a certain sullen defiance in his face, so like the man he believed he did not resemble that his foreman coming upon him suddenly might have been startled at the likeness. Fortunately, however, Harrison was too much engrossed with the antics of the irrepressible Buckeye, which the ostler had just brought to the door, to notice anything else. The arrival of the horse changed the Doctor's expression to one of more practical and significant resistance. With the assistance of two men at the head of the restive brute he managed to vault into the saddle. A few wild plunges only seemed to settle him the firmer in his seat, each plunge leaving its record in a thin red line on the animal's flanks, made by the cruel spurs of its rider. Any lingering desire of following his son's footsteps was quickly dissipated by Buckeye, who promptly bolted in the opposite direction, and before Dr. West could gain active control over him they were half a mile on their way to La Mision Perdida.

Dr. West did not regret it. Twenty years ago he had voluntarily abandoned a legal union of mutual unfaithfulness and misconduct, and allowed his wife to get the divorce he might have obtained for equal cause. He had abandoned to her the issue of that union—an infant son. Whatever he chose to do now was purely gratuitous; the only hold which this young stranger had on his respect was that *he* also recognized that fact with a cold indifference equal to his own. At present the half-savage brute he bestrode occupied all his attention. Yet he could not help feeling his advancing years tell upon him more heavily that evening; fearless as he was, his strength was no longer equal when measured with the untiring youthful malevolence of his unbroken mustang. For a moment he dwelt regretfully on the lazy, half-developed sinews of his son; for a briefer instant there flashed across him the thought that those sinews ought to replace his own—ought to be *his* to lean upon—that thus, and thus only, could he achieve the old miracle of restoring his lost youth by perpetuating his own power in his own blood, and he, whose profound belief in personality had rejected all hereditary principle, felt this with a sudden exquisite pain. But his horse, perhaps recognizing a relaxing grip, took that opportunity to "buck." Curving his back like a cat and throwing himself into the air with an unexpected bound, he came down with four stiff, inflexible legs, and a shock that might have burst the saddle girths, had not the wily old man as quickly brought the long rowels of his spurs together and fairly locked his heels under Buckeye's collapsing barrel. It was the mustang's last rebellious struggle. The discomfited brute gave in, and darted meekly and apologetically forward, and, as it were, left all its rider's doubts and fears far behind in the vanishing distance.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the subject of Dr. West's meditations was slowly making his way along the high-road toward the fonda. He walked more erect and with less of a shuffle in his gait; but whether this was owing to his having cast the old skin of garments adapted to his slouch, and because he was more securely shod, or whether it was from the sudden straightening of some warped moral quality, it would have been difficult to say. The expression of his face certainly gave no evidence of actual and prospective good fortune; if anything, the lines of discontent around his brow and mouth were more strongly drawn. Apparently his interview with his father had only the effect of reviving and stirring into greater activity a certain dogged sentiment that, through long years, had become languidly mechanical. He was no longer a beaten animal, but one roused by a chance success into a dangerous knowledge of his power. In his honest workman's dress he was infinitely more to be feared than in his rags; in the lifting of his downcast eye there was the revelation of a baleful intelligence. In his changed condition civilization only seemed to have armed him against itself.

The fonda, a long low building, with a red-tiled roof extending over a porch or whitewashed veranda, in which drunken vaqueros had been known to occasionally disport their mustangs, did not offer a very reputable appearance to the eye of young Guest as he approached it in the gathering shadows. One or two half-broken horses were securely fastened to the stout cross-beams of some heavy posts driven in the roadway before it, and a primitive trough of roughly excavated stone stood near it. Through a broken gate at the side there was a glimpse of a grass-grown and deserted court-yard piled with the disused packing-cases and barrels of the tienda or general country shop which huddled under the same roof at the other end of the building. The opening door of the fonda showed a low studded room fitted up with a rude imitation of an American bar on one side, and containing a few small tables, at which half a dozen men were smoking, drinking, and playing cards. The faded pictorial poster of the last bull-fight at Monterey and an American "sheriff's notice" were hung on the wall and in the doorway. A thick yellow atmosphere of cigarette smoke, through which the inmates appeared like brown shadows, pervaded the room.

The young man hesitated before this pestilential interior, and took a seat on a bench on the veranda. After a moment's interval the yellow landlord came to the door with a look of inquiry, which Guest answered by a demand for lodging and supper. When the landlord had vanished again in the cigarette fog, the several other guests, one after the other, appeared at the doorway, with their cigarettes in their mouths and their cards still in their hands, and gazed upon him.

There may have been some excuse for their curiosity. As before hinted, Guest's appearance in his overalls and woollen shirt was somewhat incongruous, and, for some inexplicable reason, the same face and figure which did not look inconsistent in rags and extreme poverty now at once suggested a higher social rank both of intellect and refinement than his workman's dress indicated. This, added to his surliness of manner and expression, strengthened a growing suspicion in the mind of the party that he was a fugitive from justice—a forger, a derelict banker, or possibly a murderer. It is only fair to say that the moral sense of the spectators was not shocked at the suspicion, and that a more active sympathy was only withheld by his reticence. An unfortunate incident seemed to complete the evidence against him. In impatiently responding to the landlord's curt demand for prepayment of his supper, he allowed three or four pieces of gold to escape from his pocket on the veranda. In the quick glances of the party, as he stooped to pick them up, he read the danger of his carelessness.

His sullen self-possession did not seem to be shaken. Calling to the keeper of the tienda, who had appeared at his door in time to witness the Danaë-like shower, he bade him approach, in English.

"What sort of knives have you got?"

"Knives, señor?"

"Yes; bowie-knives or dirks. Knives like that," he said, making an imaginary downward stroke at the table before him.

The shop-keeper entered the tienda, and presently re-appeared with three or four dirks in red leather sheaths. Guest selected the heaviest, and tried its point on the table.

"How much?"

"Tres pesos."

The young man threw him one of his gold pieces, and slipped the knife and its sheath in his boot. When he had received his change from the shop-keeper he folded his arms and leaned back against the wall in quiet indifference.

The simple act seemed to check aggressive but not insinuating interference. In a few moments one of the men appeared at the doorway.

"It is fine weather for the road, little comrade."

Guest did not reply.

"Ah! the night, it ess splendid," he repeated, in broken English, rubbing his hands as if washing in the air.

Still no reply.

"You shall come from Sank Hosay?"

"I sha'n't."

The stranger muttered something in Spanish, but the landlord, who re-appeared to place Guest's supper on a table on the veranda, here felt the obligation of interfering to protect a customer apparently so aggressive and so opulent. He pushed the inquisitor aside with a few hasty words, and after Guest had finished his meal, offered to show him his room. It was a dark vaulted closet on the ground-floor, gaining light from the stable-yard through a barred iron grating. At the first glimpse it looked like a prison cell; looking more deliberately at the black trestled bed and the votive images hanging on the wall, it might have been a tomb.

"It is the best," said the landlord. "The Padre Vincento will have none other on his journey."

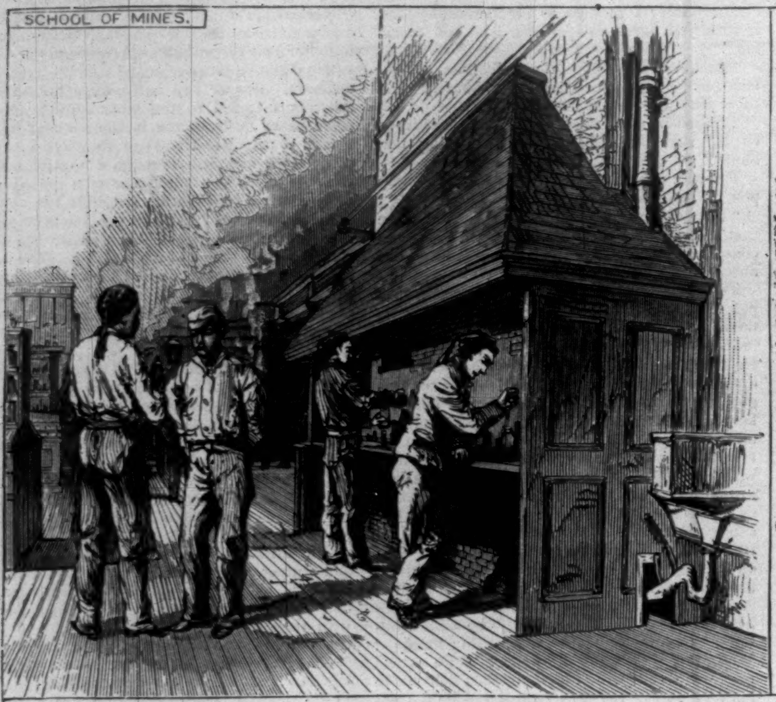
"I suppose God protects him," said Guest; "that door don't." He pointed to the worm-eaten door, without bolt or fastening.

"Ah, what matter? Are we not all friends?"

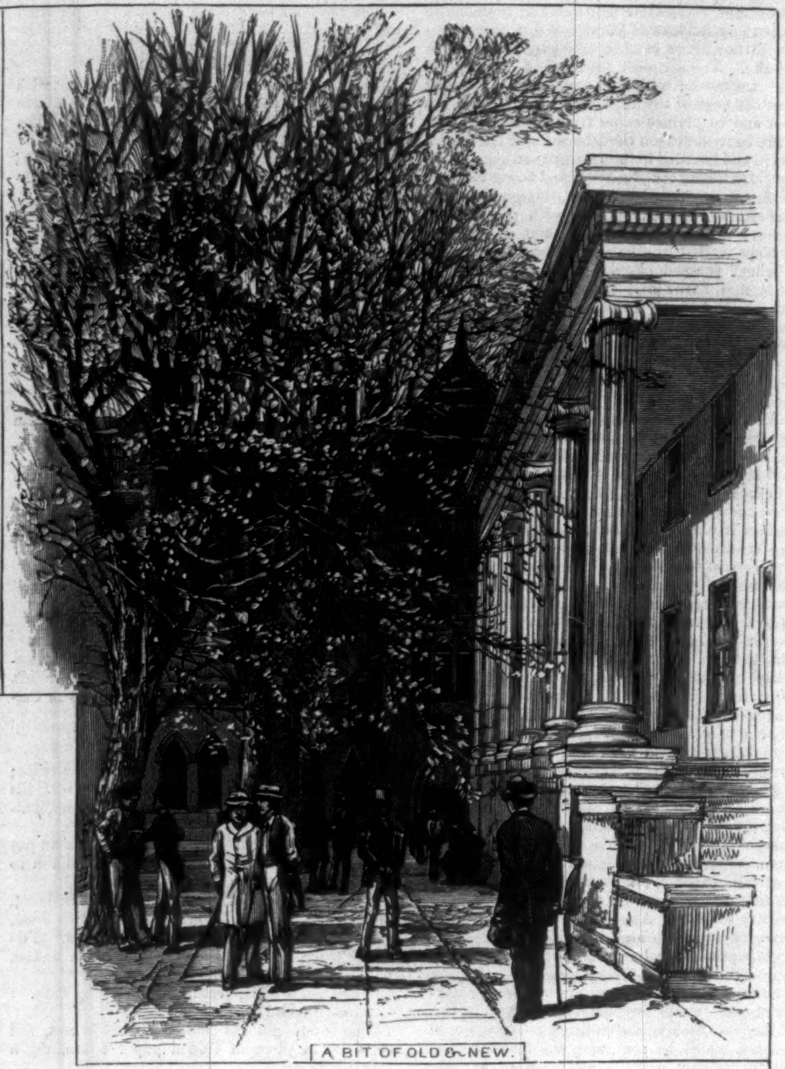
"Certainly," responded Guest, with his surliest manner, as he returned to the veranda. Nevertheless he resolved not to occupy the cell of the reverend padre; not from any personal fear of his disreputable neighbors, though he was fully alive to their peculiarities, but from the nomadic instinct which was still strong in his blood. He felt he could not yet bear the confinement of a close room, or the propinquity of his fellow-man. He would rest on the veranda until the moon was fairly up, and then he would again take to the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

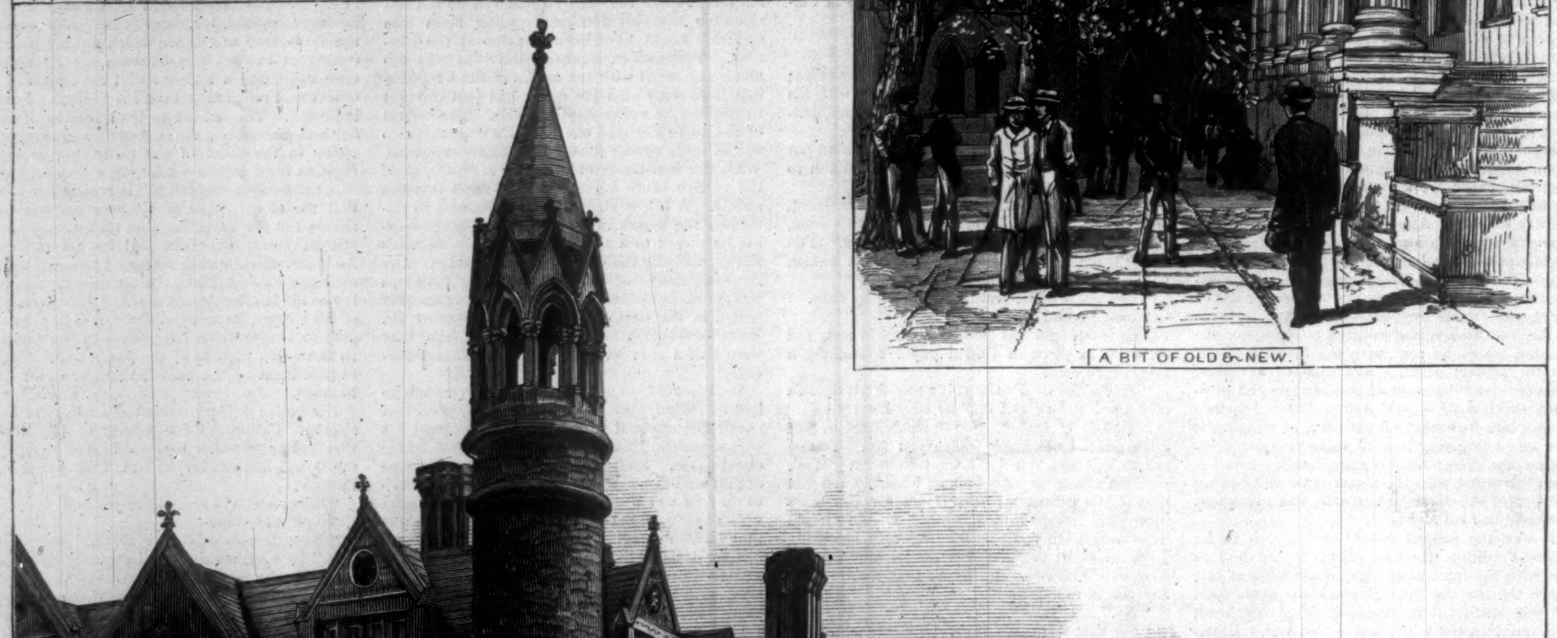
* This apparent classical plagiarism is actually a fact of identification on record in the California Law Reports. It is therefore unnecessary for me to add that the attendant circumstances and characters are purely fictitious.—B. H.



SCHOOL OF MINES.

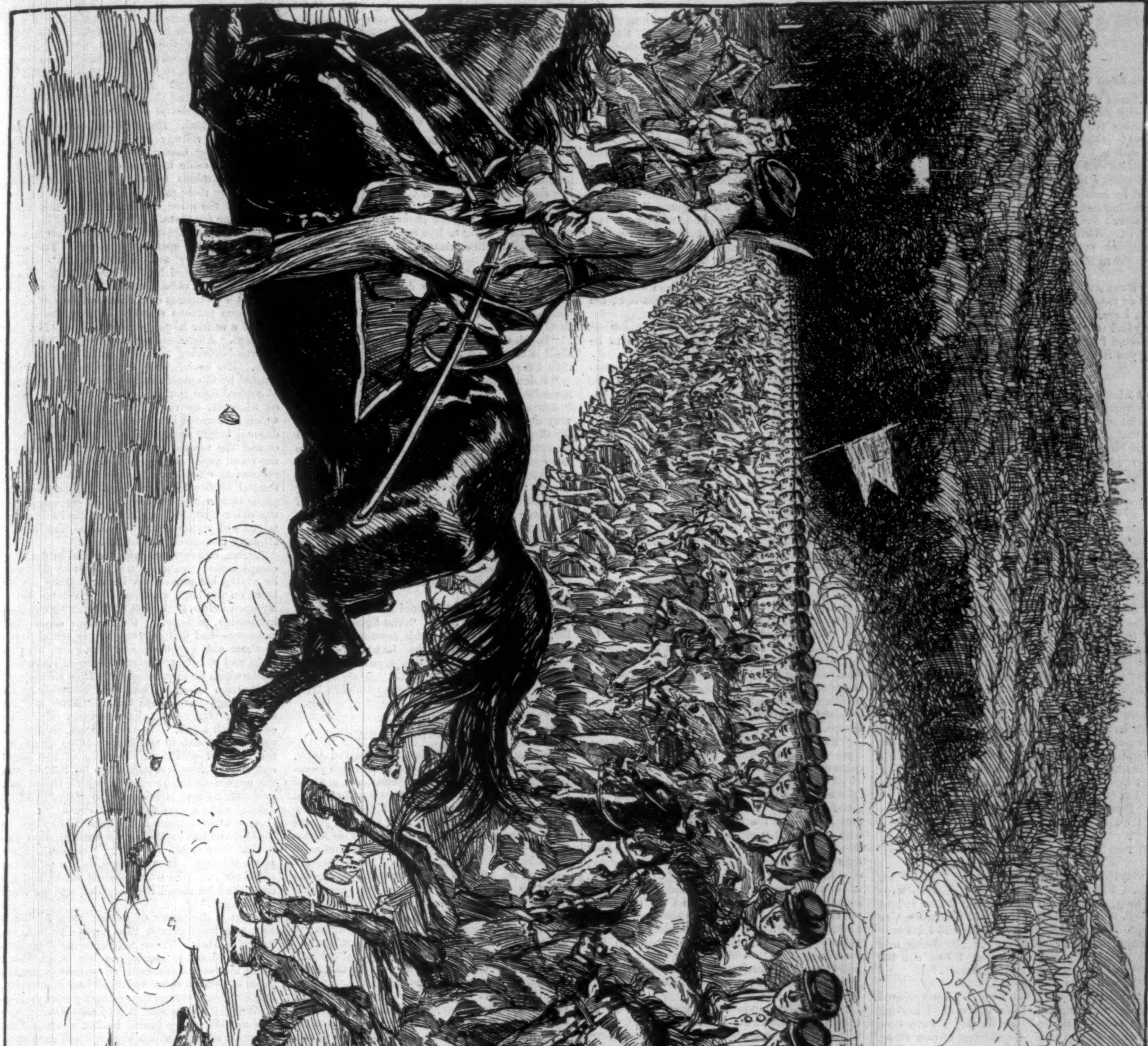


A BIT OF OLD & NEW.



THE MADISON AVENUE FRONT.

SKETCHES OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 395.]



THE CAVALRY DRILL AT WEST POINT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 395.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE LAND WHERE ALL THINGS ARE FORGOTTEN."

Adrian had left his house in the morning without any more distinct idea of how he was going to spend the day than that he did not mean to spend it at home. There were a good many things which it behooved him to do—amongst others, it might be well that he should begin getting in his tradesmen's bills and forming some estimate of what he owed—but he did not feel equal to undertaking disagreeable duties, and in the end he sauntered down to his club, and tried to read the papers. Whilst he was thus occupied, a note, addressed in Heriot's shaky handwriting, was brought to him.

"Dear Adrian [it ran],—If you will look in today or to-morrow, and rather to-day than to-morrow, I shall think it kind of you. I have been very bad this last week—about as bad as I could be—and I don't want to miss the chance of seeing you now that I have a respite.

"Yours always, W. H."

Adrian's conscience pricked him when he read this appeal. He had made only one effort to see Heriot since the latter's return to England, and on that occasion his friend had been too ill to receive him. Since then he had found one excuse after another for shirking the interrogatories which he was sure awaited him in Brook Street. He had never until now felt that his breach with Clare was likely to prove a final one, and so long as it remained unhealed the less that was said about it the better. But he could not refuse to visit the sick when directly begged to do so; nor, indeed, did his reason for absenting himself any longer exist. He could relate the plain facts now, and really it did not appear to him that he was open to the rebuke of any candid man. Such sins as he had committed he had confessed and asked pardon for. Heriot would hardly suggest that he should acknowledge himself guilty where he had been innocent, or that he should tamely submit to be disbelieved when he had pledged his word to the truth of a statement.

But he forgot all about his wrongs and his rights the moment that he entered the bedroom where Heriot lay extended upon a sofa. When a man has been dying for a number of years, the end generally comes as a shock to those who have watched him; and the first sight of his friend's face sent the blood back to Adrian's heart. Nor was he able to conceal his dismay, for Heriot said at once, with a faint smile,

"I have pretty nearly come to the last words of the last chapter, you see."

"My dear old chap, I won't have you talk like that!" exclaimed Adrian, recovering himself. "You've had a bad bout of it, that's all."

But Heriot, still smiling, shook his head. "No, I have had my last bout but one. I don't want to brag, but I think I may say that I have fought Death as long as any man could be expected to fight. Now he has got me down, and I am only waiting for the *coup de grâce*. The doctor told me plainly the other day that I had not the strength to rally from another attack."

"How can he possibly tell?"

"Perhaps he can't, but I can. I know when I am beaten, and, to tell you the truth, I am not very sorry to be near the finish. I have been through a good deal of suffering, as you know, but I am not sure whether intense weakness is not worse. And I have no fear of death. Death, after all, is a release. Nobody knows what it is, but I suppose it must, at all events, be that. Isn't it curious to think how very little speculation there has been upon the subject? The whole army of humanity marching steadily on toward the same goal, and not one individual having the slightest idea whither he is bound—or caring much!"

"But we have some idea, surely," objected Adrian, who was himself orthodox after a somewhat unthinking fashion, and had never doubted but that his friend was equally sound.

"You mean that most of us believe in the immortality of the soul, and that you and I are Christians. But Christianity tells us nothing about a future state of existence; for I should think there are very few people who can accept the Apocalypse as a literal description of it, or would like the prospect if they could. For the rest, we have one branch of the Church believing in paradise and purgatory, while another declares them to be fond things, vainly invented, and sends mankind direct to heaven or hell, with perhaps just the shadow of a mental reservation as regards the latter. All these are only names; we can't conceive the meaning of them any more than we can comprehend infinity."

"I suppose that is why speculation has always been felt to be useless."

"Perhaps so. Still, it seems strange that the mystery of our fate should weigh so little upon us. When I look back upon my life, it appears to have been quite short—only a few years—and now eternity is close upon me. What is going to be done with me, I wonder?"

"I know one thing, Heriot," said the younger man, warmly; "if ever mortal deserved heaven, you do."

But Heriot was not listening to him. "'The land where all things are forgotten,'" he murmured, dreamily; "the man who said that was in no hurry to go there. But I don't know—it has a restful sound."

"Not to me," exclaimed Adrian. "To me it sounds like a cry of despair. You can't wish to forget everything and everybody; that would be tantamount to losing your identity altogether; it is another word for annihilation. You can't wish for that."

"I wish for rest, I think. A long, long sleep—I believe that is what I should like, if I could choose. The fact of the matter is that I am tired out. Adrian, old fellow, we have always been good friends, haven't we?"

"Always, dear old man," answered Adrian, getting up and seating himself nearer to the sofa on which Heriot was lying.

"And now we have to bid one another good-by. As I tell you, I don't know what is going to become of me, or whether I shall be able to remember you in 'the land where all things are forgotten'; but I shouldn't like to be forgotten at once by you—or by your wife."

"You know you won't be forgotten."

"Well, not literally, I hope. And perhaps you will feel glad to have granted the last favor that I shall ask of you."

"Heriot," said Adrian, "if there is any possible return that I can make for all the kindnesses that you have done me ever since I first knew you, tell me of it. The more difficult it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"It's a little difficult—not very," answered Heriot, smiling. "I only want you two to be friends again."

Adrian groaned. "I am afraid you have asked for an impossibility," he said. "I came here to-day thinking that you meant to lecture me, and I was prepared to defend myself; but I won't say all that I intended to say. I will only tell you that I have tried to make friends, and that I have utterly failed. She never had much confidence in me, and now she tells me plainly that she has none, and declines to believe my word. Don't let us speak about it any more."

"Come, Adrian, you can't suppose that I shall accept that as an answer. Tell me what you were going to say, if I had lectured you. Tell me the whole history, will you? I don't believe I have ever understood all the ins and outs of this matter. I am going to die, you know, so I can't betray your secrets; and you used to think me a pretty good hand at giving you advice in difficulties."

Adrian was not altogether unwilling to comply with this request. He said, despondently, "Talking about it won't make it any better;" but probably that statement did not quite accurately express his belief. He gave a very fair account of his married life, concealing none of its events, and not endeavoring to make out a better case for himself than the circumstances warranted.

"You see," he said, in conclusion, "it's hopeless. Do you remember that evening when you came down to my lodgings at Polruth, and warned me that Clare was a woman who could be easily made unhappy, and who could not easily forgive? You might have gone farther, and said that there wasn't a chance of her being happy with me, and that she couldn't possibly forgive. She would if she could; I don't doubt that. Last night she told me that she wanted to believe me, only she couldn't. It has been so from the first. It isn't in her power to trust me when appearances are against me; and so I don't see how we can ever be friends. We shall not quarrel again, though, if that is any consolation."

Heriot, who during Adrian's narration had been lying back with closed eyes, and had made no remark, remained silent a little longer. "Are you quite sure that you have told me everything?" he asked by-and-by.

"Everything, upon my honor. *You*, at all events, will believe me when I say that."

"You must remember that you have given Clare's faith in you some rather severe trials. How would you have liked it if she had received a letter from some man—let us say from Wilbraham, though that is scarcely putting it strongly enough—and had torn it to pieces before your eyes sooner than let you read it? What would you have thought if you had found her in Wilbraham's house? Supposing she had refused to enter into any explanations, but had simply said, 'I am innocent, and you ought never to have doubted me'? Supposing you had had the extraordinary magnanimity to promise that you would say no more about it, only stipulating that she should cease to receive Wilbraham, and supposing that she had gone on receiving him in spite of you?"

"Really, Heriot, the cases are not parallel."

"Of course they are not—from a conventional point of view; but I want you to realize her point of view; and I think, after all that has passed, you can hardly blame her for being a little more incredulous than you would like her to be. And if she is, never mind. You have only to speak to her in a certain way, and she will believe a contradiction in terms. Now you know that as well as I do, don't you?"

"I am not sure," said Adrian, dubiously.

"Oh yes, you are. Believe me, it isn't worth while to stand on your dignity with a person whom you care for. What you gain by it doesn't make up, by a very long way, for what you lose. And please to observe that I practice what I preach. I may have thought it a little unfriendly of you to stay away from me all these weeks; I may have been fully entitled to say to myself that you might go to the deuce for me. But you see I didn't want to die without saying good-by to you; and so I put my pride in my pocket. Shall I part with the last shred of pride that remains to me, and make a confession to you which I have never made to any other living being? Will you laugh at me if I do?"

"It would puzzle you to say anything that would make me feel inclined to laugh just now," replied Adrian, drearily.

"Well, I don't know why I shouldn't carry my secret to my grave with me, except that I have a foolish feeling that I should like Clare to hear of it after I am gone. It is only that, if I had been a man who could think of marriage, I should have asked her to marry me years ago. There! Don't make any remark about it, please. It is permitted to every man to dream—especially when his dream is beyond the remotest possibility of realization. You won't mind, nor, I hope, will she. And perhaps you will both understand better now why I wish so much that you should be happy together again as you used to be."

"Ah, Heriot, you would have made her happier than I ever can!"

"Don't talk nonsense. There is only one person in the world who can make her happy, and that is yourself. Resign yourself to the fact that there is to be an end to your troubles; and in the mean time oblige me by looking a little less dismal."

Adrian shook his head. "I can't help it. You can't expect me to look cheerful when you tell me that I am going to lose my best friend."

"It will be time enough to moan when you have lost him."

"I have completely failed in my trade, too."

"Excuse me; you have done no such thing. You have had a slight check, which will make you more careful in future—nothing worse than that."

"Besides, I am in a mess about money. I shall have to start again as a much poorer man than I expected to be."

"I don't think you need let that worry you much."

Adrian shrugged his shoulders. It was all very well for a rich man to make light of the ills of poverty; but he knew that they were real enough, though they might not be so great as the other misfortunes which he had to face.

"And now," said Heriot, after an interval of silence, "I must send you away. I am beginning to feel tired, and I shall have to stop talking. I want you and Clare to come and see me to-morrow afternoon, if you will. You can tell her all that I have said to you—except, of course, the one thing which she must not be told so long as I am alive—and as soon as you come in, I shall know by your faces whether the bad days are over or not."

"I will bring her," answered Adrian, getting up and taking Heriot's hand. "And I promise you," he added, "that if it depends upon me to put an end to the bad days, they shall be put an end to."

"Thank you. I don't doubt you, and I have no fear. Till to-morrow, then."

CHAPTER XLIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Adrian's heart was heavy as he walked away. He knew very well what it was that he had promised; he meant to keep his promise, and believed that the result would be much what Heriot had predicted; yet he could not look forward to the future with any feeling of hope or joy. It was probably true that if he spoke to Clare, as Heriot had said, "in a certain way," she would cease to doubt him; but it seemed to him that it was not so much his pride as his self-respect that he was asked to sacrifice, and he could not think that Clare's love for him was capable of resuscitation by such means. The dead past could not, perhaps, be resuscitated by any means—certainly not by the kind of reconciliation which he foresaw. Still, it would please Heriot—poor old Heriot, who was neither poor nor old in the sense given to those words by the dictionary, but who, now that his life was near an end, could look back upon a greater measure of suffering than most old men look back upon, and whose lack of the good things of this world had been equal to that of many a so-called pauper. The tears came into Adrian's eyes when he thought of the man's quiet heroism, and of the romance which had been so long and so successfully concealed. His impressionable nature had been profoundly moved by that revelation; he had at once realized how many hundreds of stabs Heriot must have received and submitted to with a smiling face; he pitied him with a pity which may have been more intense than the case called for. For, indeed, it is no such easy matter to distinguish between what is real and what is imaginary in this world of shadows; and the happiness that comes from dreams is at least as real, while it lasts, as any other kind of happiness. It is certain that Heriot would not at any time have consented to part with his dream. But Adrian was not cold-blooded enough to take comfort from analysis of emotion. He could only see the pathetic aspect of his friend's life. Never once had he heard Heriot utter a complaint of pain, physical or mental; he had borne everything with the same unfaltering patience—a patience sublime and possibly self-sufficing, but which had met with very little recognition, and could now meet with no reward, unless it might be "in the land where all things are forgotten."

Those words kept on ringing in Adrian's ears. To him, in the fullness of youth and health, they were terrible words. He could not conceive of a state of mind in which perfect rest should seem to be the chief good. He endeavored to imagine what the *probable* awakening of the spirit, set free from the body, would be, and found, of course, that there is nothing upon which to base even the shade of probability. Who has not, at one time or another, striven with aching eyes to see through the impenetrable darkness which hangs over the grave? Who has not learned that such strivings are vain? "They that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire," say the orthodox, and rest content with that; "Death is at least the end of pain," say the heterodox, and seek to know no more; while those who halt between two opinions—are they not the majority?—can only turn away with a sigh, and try to think about something else.

The latter course was undoubtedly that which Adrian would adopt in due time; but just now it was a little beyond his reach. He could not acquiesce quietly in anything that was sad or painful or incomprehensible; he must either put it out of his mind, or it must be explained for him. His was one of those natures which demand consolation, and which, fortunately, are ever ready to accept it, so long as it presents itself in an attractive form. The gray towers of Westminster Abbey and the bell tolling for afternoon service struck him as a sort of response to his unspoken appeal. He had intended to take the underground railway at St. James's Park, and make his way home; but now he thought he would turn aside into the old Abbey, where so many generations of worshippers have found comfort for their souls, and see whether the influence of the place would not do for him what it had done for them.

He entered at the moment when the organ was pealing out the opening voluntary. The procession of clergy and choristers was passing into the choir, and he, following in their wake, slipped into a vacant stall. The congregation was not a numerous one, consisting only of some half-dozen persons scattered among the stalls, and of a rather larger number assembled in the transept. Adrian did not notice them. Already he was beginning to find what he had come to seek. His senses were soothed and his nerves quieted by the gloom and coolness, by the shafts of colored light that streamed through the stained windows, by the thick London atmosphere which penetrated into the building, and lent additional height and space to the pillars and arches and the vaulted roof. He felt the charm of the clear, sweet singing, and of the dignity and refinement which seem to raise the Anglican cathedral service to a somewhat higher religious plane than can be reached by the ceremonies of the older Catholic communion, with its strange mixture of grandeur and tawdriness, and its still stranger insensibility to bathos.

Adrian, however, was not occupied in drawing comparisons; nor, if the truth must be told, was he saying his prayers, as he knelt there, his elbows on the huge, musty-smelling volume which lay open before him. His wandering thoughts—led thither, perhaps, by the familiar chants and cadences—had drifted away to his school-days; to those old days when everything had been so plain and simple, and when the broad black and white which distinguished right from wrong and truth from falsehood had been obscured by no perplexing intermediate tints. "After all," he reflected, "one must go back to that: blind faith or no faith at all." In that solemn, ancient cathedral the faith to which it owed its existence, the faith of childhood, the faith of the saints and martyrs, was less difficult to lay hold of, and the heaven of the Revelation, which Heriot had said that no man could desire to accept literally, did not seem a mere allegorical vision.

And when Adrian had mechanically risen to his feet and had looked up the anthem, what was it that they began to sing? "Behold, I show you a mystery. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye . . . . the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Great is the power of words: upon Adrian it was somewhat greater than upon the ordinary run of mortals. Those magnificent rolling sentences, wedded to music not less magnificent, lifted him out of himself; he seemed to see the gates of heaven open and time lost in eternity, and could understand that of such a man as Heriot it might well be said, *Mors janua vitæ*. Logic was not his strong point; he had not that fatal precision of ideas which is such a sad curb upon the imagination of those who possess it. In compensation he often reached the truth at a bound, and having done so, never cared to cast a backward glance upon the maze through which others had laboriously threaded their way to the same point. There was no valid reason why his doubts and perplexities should have been dissipated by the repetitions of phrases which he must have heard a hundred times before; but they were so dissipated, and that was all that he asked for.

When he sank upon his knees again he could look out on the present and the future with an altered gaze. The littlenesses and pettinesses of life had shrunk almost to the point of disappearance, and he marvelled that he had allowed them to loom so gigantic before him as to shut out all view of the hereafter. It will be understood that the power of seeing things in their actual proportions was denied to him; he had always to look through a telescope, or a microscope, or a diminishing glass. But perhaps that is no such uncommon case; and, at all events, he had now reached the happy conclusion that his long quarrel with Clare was but a mole-hill which his folly and hers had exaggerated into a mountain. He thought that if she were beside him at that moment it might be swept away almost without any need for speech. Then he started violently; for his eyes, roaming idly this way and that, had fallen upon the north transept, where, with her chin upon her folded hands, and a stray sunbeam lighting up her golden hair, Clare herself was kneeling.

It was evident that she was unaware of her husband's vicinity. Her head was slightly thrown back; her eyes had a rapt unconsciousness; her face wore a look of pain and humiliation. She might have passed for some suppliant sinner, asking of Heaven the pardon which it was vain to expect from man. But it was not in that way that Adrian interpreted her attitude and expression. He saw that she was suffering; he thought he knew why she was suffering; and he longed to step softly across the intervening space and whisper to her that she need be unhappy no more.

Since that was impracticable, he waited until the service was over, and then following her as she passed out, touched her lightly on the elbow.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

When she turned and recognized her husband, a rush of color came into her cheeks, then ebbed away, leaving her paler than she had been before. "I—I did not know you were here," she said, in a bewildered, hesitating way. "I was on my way back from the hospital, and I thought I should like to come in for the service. You said you would not be home before dinner-time."

"Are you apologizing for going to church on a week-day?" asked Adrian, smiling. "I believe there is no law against that; but if there is, I am as guilty as you."

He supposed that it was of the Children's Hospital that she spoke, and set down her agitation to surprise at seeing him. "Shall we go home together?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, if you like," answered Clare; and then, with a sort of gasp—"Adrian, I must say something to you."

"But not now—not now," he returned, hastily. "I too have something to say as soon as we get home; I can't speak about it in the street."

He called a hansom, helped her into it, and sat down beside her. Not another word passed between them from that moment until they reached their own door; but Adrian's hand sought Clare's, and though she did not return the pressure which he gave to her fingers, she allowed him to keep possession of them, and that was perhaps as much as he had any right to expect.

When at length they were within their own four walls, Adrian drew Clare after him into the drawing-room, and stood holding both her hands and looking into her eyes, which dropped before his. Hopeful as his mood was, he still thought that he had a task of some little difficulty before him, and great was his astonishment when Clare suddenly fell on to her knees, crying,

"Oh, Adrian, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me?"

He stooped and raised her to her feet by main force. "My dear child," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? I was going to ask you to forgive me. It was my fault that you didn't believe what I told you yesterday; but you believe me now, don't you? And if you don't, I can convince you—I am sure I can."

But she drew back, saying: "Stop; you don't know what a wretch I have been. It has been my fault, not in the least yours, from beginning to end; and there is no excuse for me, because, if I had been open with you, everything would have been explained long ago. I don't see how you can possibly go on caring for me after I have told you this; but there is no help for it; I must tell you."

She sank down into a chair and partly covered her face with her hands. "Don't look at me!" she exclaimed. "Don't come near me until I have finished."

But Adrian ventured to disobey this command. He seated himself close to his wife, put his arm round her waist, and drew her head down on to his shoulder. "My dear," he said, "you may be very sure that you have committed no offense against me that I can't easily and willingly pardon."

"Ah!" she cried, "you trust me. I didn't trust you."

"Trust me now," returned Adrian. "Tell me everything, and don't be afraid."

And so it was that by slow degrees the story of Susan Bowman's revenge and repentance was unfolded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WEST POINT CAVALRY DRILL.

No out-door drill in all the military manœuvres that took place at West Point last week in connection with the graduation exercises at the Academy excited so much interest among the thousands of visitors as the cavalry drill represented in our illustration. It is a drill that the cadets like to have their friends see them in. The exhilaration of rapid movements on horseback makes it as exciting and enjoyable to the young soldiers themselves as it is to the people who watch them, such a constant display of life, spirit, and motion it is, such an admirable exhibition of trained agility and manly vigor. Starting their horses at a trot, gradually increasing the pace to a gallop, the cadets go sweeping across the beautiful plains fronting the Academy, with drawn sabres flashing in the sunlight, finishing with a dashing charge upon an imaginary foe, and bringing their panting horses up with a sharp turn only a few feet from the trees that stretch down the slope to the river. The particular incident chosen by our artist for illustration is a "squadron wheel." In this evolution the line change front, the pivotal horse merely turning, while the outmost horse must gallop his best through the arc of a circle the radius of which is the length of the line. For more than an hour the cadets charge by line and by company, deploy into skirmishers and into close column, their tight-fitting gray uniforms adding to the boyishness of their well-developed figures, and their faces aglow with health.

In the aggregate the cadets get about ten months each hard drill on horseback during their four years' course, most of it in the open air; when the weather is bad they drill in a large riding hall. The first year a boy is in the school he is not allowed to ride at all, but must strengthen his limbs, and learn to nimbly mount "dummy" horses in the gymnasium. The second year he is placed in charge of Captain JACOB A. AUGUR, of the Fifth Cavalry, and is taught to ride with saddle. Before he graduates he must readily mount a horse without stirrups, saddle, or bridle, ride at full gallop sitting or standing, pick up his sword from the floor without stopping the horse, and do a great many other daring things commonly seen in the circus ring, but which are very useful in frontier service. It is not the same in West Point as in some European schools, where cadets are drilled exclusively in cavalry practice, and must take care of their own horses. The West Point boys sometimes go down to the stables to see the enlisted men do the work, but they are not called upon to unbuckle a bridle or to handle a pitchfork.

One reason why the cavalry and artillery drills are so popular with visitors is that they seldom get an opportunity to see them anywhere else. The infantry tactics they see frequently in the militia, though not performed with that ease and freedom of movement that give the charm to graceful manœuvres of the cadets. In every step the West Point boys show the advantage of wearing their soldier clothes every day in the year, and feeling thoroughly at home in them. The graduation exercises for this year closed on Saturday, the 13th, when Secretary ENDICOTT gave thirty-nine young men their diplomas as second lieutenants, and they scattered for the different regiments at the frontier or on the sea-board. New boys to take their places, with appointments from Congressmen in their pockets, were on the wharf to see them off.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

ON Wednesday, the 10th of June, there took place at the Academy of Music the one-hundred-and-thirty-first Commencement celebration of Columbia College. Hardly at any point in our American life does the wealth of historic tradition wed itself more graciously with the splendor of modern progress. More and more as the years roll on the old college grows, with the growth of the splendid city that it adorns, into a fuller representation of the literary and scientific life not only of New York itself, but also of the American people. The growth of the little college of 1754 into the great university of 1885 is in due proportion to the growth of the little town on Manhattan Island into the vast cities that sprang from it. Amid the fierce activities of business life, in the swift expansion of material prosperity, Columbia College has been doing with quiet effectiveness its noble work of keeping alive the glow of the life intellectual.

The pictures that we publish bring well into view this blending of old memories with fresh activity and modern splendor. In one of them the artist has, indeed, chosen the point of view that best brings this union into sight. The grand Ionic portico of the old building is thrown into sharp relief against the Gothic arches and pinnacles of the modern Hamilton Hall. In the small picture we see the students of the School of Mines at work in their laboratories. In the large picture we see the imposing front that the college now rears on Madison Avenue, a great mass of architecture thoroughly modern, stately and impressive in its forms, but rendering to science and to education the spaces and the light that they demand.

The session that closed on last Wednesday, the session of 1884–5, has carried on the expansion of the college. Under 114 teachers, 1456 students have been at work in the various departments. In the School of Arts there were 282; in the School of Mines, 268; in the School of Political Science, 51; in the School of Law, 365; in the School of Medicine, 490. The institution that works on so great a scale takes its place worthily among the greatest institutions of the world.

But there is a charm in the annals of the college that forces the mind to go back from this Commencement Day of 1885 to the Commencement Day of 1754. Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON! It is a mighty name, calling up a flood of memories. In that year 1754 there was one Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON at London, who, in his lonely grief, was working at the last details of the great dictionary which was, when published in 1755, to be the standard of English speech for the English world. Here in New York there was another Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who in those same months was opening to the young men of the colony the doors of that King's College which is the modern Columbia. On the 17th of July in 1754, in the old school-house of Trinity Church, he held his first examination, and passed a class of eight young men. On the 31st of the following October he secured the charter, and established the legal existence, of the college.

It was a time of generous intellectual ardor in the stirring colony of New York. After almost a century the old jealousies and hatreds of the Dutch and the English settlers had abated, and the races were fusing into a vigorous colonial people which combined the qualities of both the illustrious stocks. Lutheran and Anglican were willing at last to combine for the service of learning and piety. The foundation of Harvard had been laid in the colony of Massachusetts. The College of William and Mary had been established in the colony of Virginia. It was not fitting that the colony of New York should be without a college of its own. Even in 1749 Bishop BERKELEY had seen the stirring in good men's minds; he had written that "he was glad that a spirit of learning prevailed in those parts, particularly in New York." And so, five years later, this "spirit of learning," in which the good BERKELEY so rejoiced, had taken body in action, and Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON began the history of Columbia College by organizing his Freshman Class of eight.

From 1754 to 1775 the college grew with the growth of the colony. In 1767 it was expanded by the addition of a School of Medicine. In 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolution, the Tory President of the college fled, and a patriot took his place; and in 1784 King's College adapted itself to the new times by changing its name to Columbia. The depression caused by the great war passed away, and the fame of the college spread from New York to distant States. The young DEWITT CLINTON, of New York, was the first man to matriculate when Columbia College was opened; but before he had ended his course the young JOHN RANDOLPH, of Virginia, had become his fellow-student. The names of its professors became famous. Dr. CHARLES ANTHON began his life work at the college in 1820, and Dr. HENRY DRISLER in 1843. In 1857 the growth of the city forced the college to move from its old home on College Place to its new home on Madison Avenue. The expansion of its departments went on. In 1858 the School of Law was added; in 1864 the School of Mines; and in 1880 the School of Political Science was added, and the university created by the organization of graduate classes. In 1883 the great library was finished and opened to the public, the sign of a closer union between the college and the city.

The presidency of Dr. BARNARD began in 1864. In presiding at the Commencement on Wednesday he celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his great administration. He has beheld the expansion of the college by the addition of department to department, and the expansion of each department by the addition of professor to professor. If with each year the burden of his vast labors has become heavier, his ability to control all and to maintain the harmony of all by his energy, by his wisdom, and by his power of sympathy has risen to meet the fresh demands. Columbia, fortunate in her history, fortunate in her site and surroundings, has been fortunate also in her President.

The greatness of Columbia is seen already to lie in the natural and quiet development of a well-endowed and wisely organized college into a real university of the modern kind. The city of New York is destined to draw together by the force of business activities and financial interests a vast population. Working in the midst of such a community, and working for its intellectual needs, Columbia College is equally destined to expand its courses of instruction until in their vastness and variety they shall sum themselves up as, in the truest and most modern sense, a working university. For in the growing concentration of modern life the primacy in education must belong to those institutions that occupy their historic sites in the greatest and most populous centres of human activity. Only there is to be found that accumulation of libraries and laboratories and workshops, and of art treasures and art facilities in all directions, which meets the needs of modern education. Only there is attainable that independence in modes of living and that frugality of expenditure which put the poor student upon equality with the rich. By force of these advantages the old King's College of 1754 stands before us now as the Columbia College of 1885.

THE UTAH COMMISSION.

UNDER the provisions of the EDMUNDS act, approved March 22, 1882, President ARTHUR appointed five Commissioners, whose duty, as defined by the ninth section of the act, is "to supervise the registration of voters and the conduct of elections in the Territory of Utah." It was likewise expected that the Commission would embody in its annual report to the Secretary of the Interior recommendations with regard to such additional legislation as might be needed to suppress polygamy and other crimes that are the outgrowth of Mormonism.

The EDMUNDS law may have been looked upon by the country at large as a measure that was designed to settle the "Mormon question" at once and forever, but it was not so regarded by its framers. Those who were foremost in urging the passage of the act saw that it was considered by them only as an initial proceeding, and that it was expected that other laws, based on the recommendations of the Commission, would be enacted at subsequent sessions of Congress, until a code of laws, so to speak, should be framed which should leave nothing wanting to meet the case.

After allowing ample time to test the practical effect of the EDMUNDS law, after disfranchising twelve thousand polygamists, and excluding polygamists from office throughout the Territory, the Commission reports that much stronger measures are needed to suppress polygamy, and compel the disloyal and defiant Morman priesthood to acknowledge the supremacy of national law.

"It is not unlikely," say the Commissioners, "that finally the Federal government will find it necessary to take into its own hands all civil power in this Territory."

As the law provides that not more than three of the Commissioners shall belong to one political party, the Utah Commission appointed by President ARTHUR consisted of three Republican and two Democratic members, and as President CLEVELAND has made no new appointments, the Board remains as at first constituted.

Hon. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, Secretary of War under President HAYES, is chairman of the Commission. He has been in public life more than forty years. He represented Pennsylvania in Congress from 1843 until 1847. When the Territory of Minnesota was organized he was appointed the first Territorial Governor, and when Minnesota was admitted into the Union he was elected the first Governor of the State, and re-elected two years later. He was elected to the United States Senate for the term beginning March 4, 1863, and re-elected for the following term. Mr. RAMSEY is seventy years of age, but the burdens of threescore and ten appear to sit lightly upon him.

Hon. A. S. PADDOCK, of Nebraska, is, in the order of his appointment, the second Republican member of the Commission. He is a native of Glens Falls, New York. He was one of the pioneers of Nebraska, and did his part toward laying the foundations for the new State. When the civil war began he was Secretary of the Territory, and during the war was acting Governor. He has been identified with the history of most of the public improvements and large business enterprises of Omaha since its foundation. His present home is Beatrice, in the southern part of the State. In 1875 he was elected to the United States Senate. His term in the Senate expired a short time before his appointment as a member of the Utah Commission. This appointment he twice declined, but was at length prevailed upon to accept it. He is a little over fifty.

Colonel G. L. GODFREY, the third Republican member of the Commission, is a "Western New-Englander," a native of Vermont, but a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, since his early manhood. He responded to the first call for volunteers in 1861, enlisted as a private, was promoted for gallant conduct, and placed in command of a regiment, led the Seventeenth Army Corps in the March to the Sea, and was the bearer of dispatches from SHERMAN to JOHNSTON at the time of the surrender of the latter. He was mustered out of the service in October, 1865. Since that date he has served his adopted State in various civil capacities—has been Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Presidential Elector, and member of the Legislature. He is a graduate of the Law Department of the Iowa State University, and has practiced law in Des Moines since 1867. He is now about forty-nine years of age.

Judge A. B. CARLTON, one of the Democratic members of the Commission, is a native of Indiana. He graduated in the Law Department of the University of that State in 1850, and has practiced law from that time until the present. He has been twice Circuit Judge in Indiana. In 1873 he resigned that position to form a law partnership with Senator D. W. VOORHEES. Judge CARLTON has an honorable record as a member of the Indiana Legislature, and as Professor of Law in the State University. He is about fifty-nine.

The Hon. J. R. PETTIGREW, of Arkansas, lawyer and journalist, is the second Democratic member of the Commission. At an early period of the civil war he entered the Confederate army as a private, and rose to the rank of colonel. He was a member of the Arkansas Legislature in 1866–7. He is the founder of the Arkansas *Sentinel*, a prominent Democratic paper of that section, which he edited, while practicing law, until 1879, when he was appointed Journal Clerk of the United States Senate. He is about fifty years of age.

The Hon. A. L. THOMAS, Secretary of Utah, and *ex officio* Secretary of the Commission, is a native of Chicago, Illinois, and is thirty-four years of age. In 1869, when a mere boy, he was made Assistant Clerk in the office of the Clerk of the House of Representatives. He held this place until 1875, when he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Clerk's Document Room in the House. While in this service he was detailed as the Republican clerk of the Democratic committee which went down to investigate the Presidential election of 1876 in South Carolina. In April, 1879, he was commissioned Secretary of Utah Territory. When the Legislature convened in the following January, the Governor was absent in the East, and did not return until five days before adjournment. The trying position in which every Governor of Utah finds himself during the session of a disloyal Legislature was ably filled by acting Governor THOMAS, and then and on subsequent occasions when the double duties of Governor and Secretary have devolved upon him he has proved himself equal to every emergency. In March, 1883, he was re-appointed Secretary of Utah.

Secretary THOMAS has the respect and esteem of every loyal citizen of the Territory, and even the Saints, to whom all faithful representatives of the Federal government are obnoxious, find it difficult to invent any plausible charge against him.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ONE of the six cows of an Otsego County farmer struck him in the face with its tail while he was milking, which so enraged him that he seized an axe and cut off the tails of all six. For this he was fined ten dollars, or $1 66⅔ for each cruel stroke.

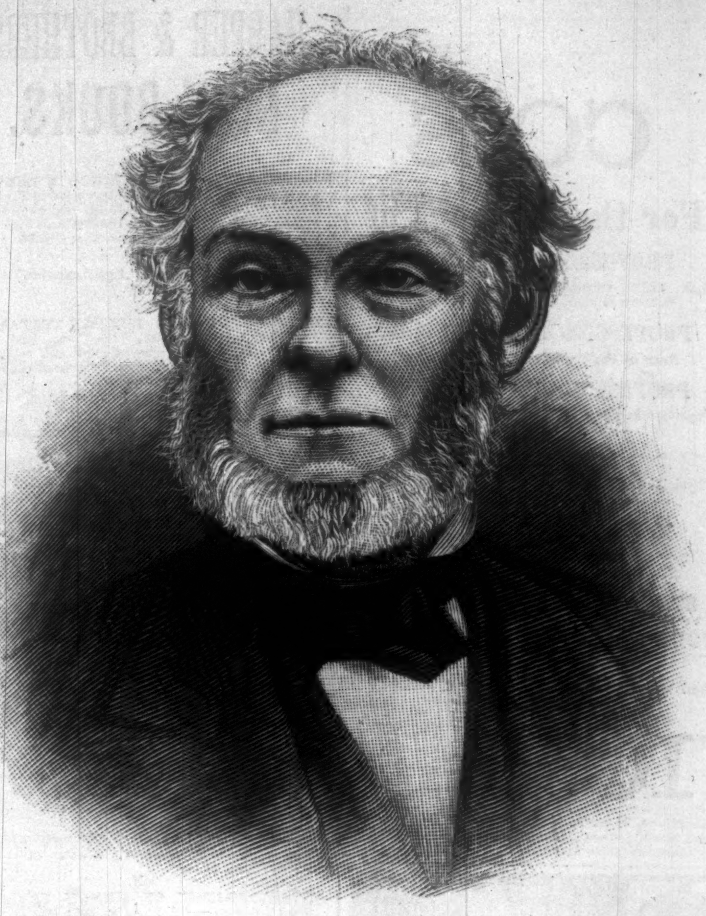
The rogues' gallery of Berlin has been increased during the last year at the rate of almost one picture a day, and 124 criminals have been identified by means of the collection in the same interval of time.

A bald-headed physician of California, who applied to himself a poultice of eucalyptus leaves whenever he had the headache, makes no report concerning the efficacy of the poultice as a cure for the ill against which he directed it, but declares that it brought out upon his head a new and abundant crop of hair. If now some bald-headed person, seeking to reattach himself, will kindly light upon a remedy for headache, the world will feel itself doubly blessed.

A crown-glass lens thirty-six inches in diameter has been cast in Paris for the observatory in San Francisco. It must be polished in a measure to determine whether or not there is a flaw in it. If there is no flaw, it will be sent to Boston for its final polishing.

People who love to stand by the old, and whose sympathies go not readily forth to the new, will be pleased to hear that the Kaiser Wilhelm has always depended upon whale oil for his artificial light. The story is told that when petroleum lamps came into vogue, the Emperor's valet bought one and set it upon his Majesty's work-table. The monarch had always been accustomed to turn his lamp down whenever he left the room, and he turned this down, with the result that upon his return he found the room filled with the most abominable odor. The whale-oil lamp was at once restored to its place at his Majesty's elbow, and the Kaiser has been true to it ever since.

THERE'S "HARMONY" EVEN IN THEIR *DISCORD.*



THE LATE REV. DR. WHEDON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. H. SMITH, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

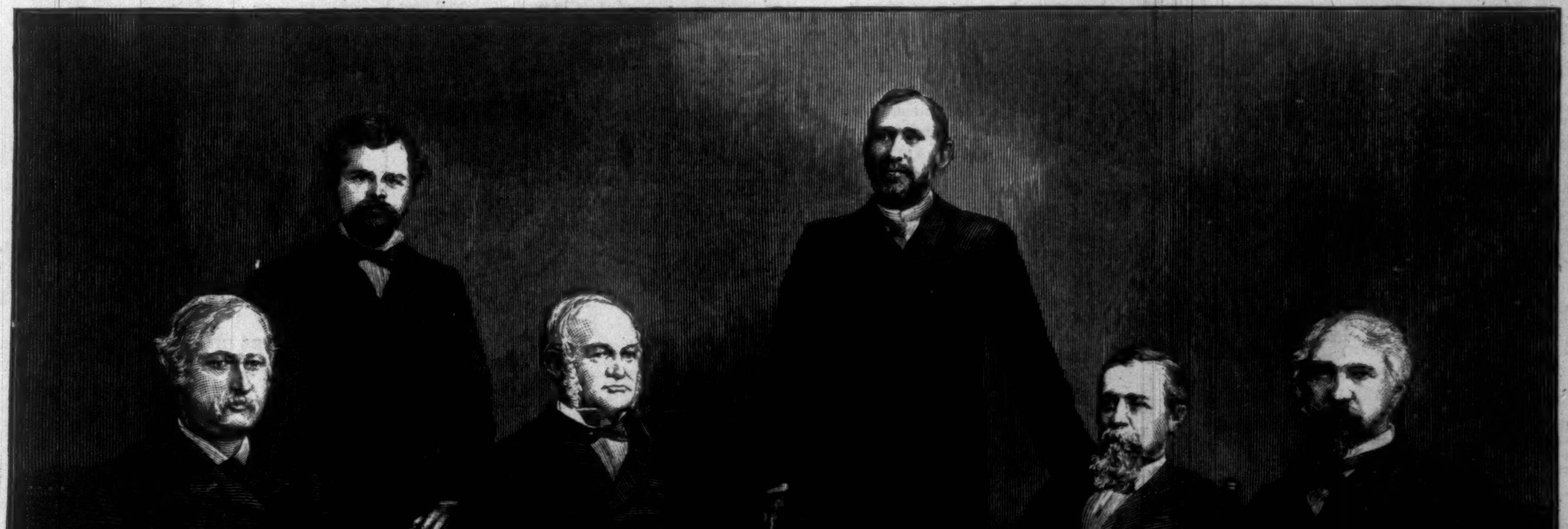
SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

THE REV. DR. DANIEL D. WHEDON.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. WHEDON removes from active service one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had held the office of editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* from the year 1856 to the year 1884. So universally was his fitness for the position recognized that after his first election he was re-elected at the close of each four years' term by acclamation. Only the utter failure of his health compelled his retirement at the meeting of the last Methodist General Conference. He had then reached his seventy-sixth year, but his mind was as acute and active as ever. Only his body refused any longer to obey the commands of his masterful will.

Dr. WHEDON was a keen metaphysician, and devoted much thought to philosophical questions. His work on the *Freedom of the Will* shows great force and penetration. He also planned and edited a Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, writing the New Testament part himself. His style was easy and flexible; his writings are lit up by frequent flashes of wit and fancy; indeed, it would be difficult to find in the many productions of his pen a single dull paragraph. Although strongly inclined to polemics, he was catholic in spirit, and in social life genial, and capable of warm personal attachments. He was almost completely cut off from public life by his deafness, and for this reason he never appeared on the platform, and seldom spoke from the pulpit. He lived among his books, which he enjoyed to the last, grew old gracefully, and has died leaving a spotless fame.

Dr. WHEDON was born in Onondaga, New York, March 20, 1808; was a graduate of Hamilton College; tutor in that college; Professor of Latin and Greek in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut; and Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Michigan. But to the present generation he was known chiefly as an editor, and as an editor he will be best remembered.



Mr. Paddock. Secretary Thomas. Mr. Ramsey. Colonel Godfrey. Judge Carlton. Mr. Pettigrew.

THE UTAH COMMISSION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

The principles of civil service reform were never more clearly set forth than in the promotion of Inspector William Murray to be Superintendent of the Police of New York; and when Mr. Murray, an hour after that event, started for the City Hall and passed a first-class examination before the Civil Service Examiners, the old *régime* seemed to have ended. A man better fitted for the important position which he occupies could scarcely be found. The Superintendent of Police in the city of New York is a much more powerful personage than many citizens whose relations are not intimate with him, and fortunately not likely to be, may suppose; and in the present instance he is a man who has the strength of will to assert his prerogatives. At the same time Mr. Murray has the bearing and face of a gentleman. Ever since 1866, soon after his return from the ranks of Ellsworth's Zouaves, Mr. Murray has been a part of the force, and in the eight months following his appointment as Captain he arrested law-breakers whose sentences aggregated five hundred years. By his own personal efforts he recovered $100,000 of the $200,000 in bonds which thieves took from Matthew Danser's house in West Eleventh Street, and captured a band of six masked burglars which for years had been the terror of Long Island. Many citizens joined in commending him for promotion. His age is forty-one.

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Reed & Carnrick's Sodium Hypochlorite. Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior and least expensive of all disinfectants and germicides. Cholera, Diphtheria, Fevers, Malaria, etc., prevented by its use. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet. Reed & Carnrick, 182 Fulton St., N. Y. [*Adv.*]

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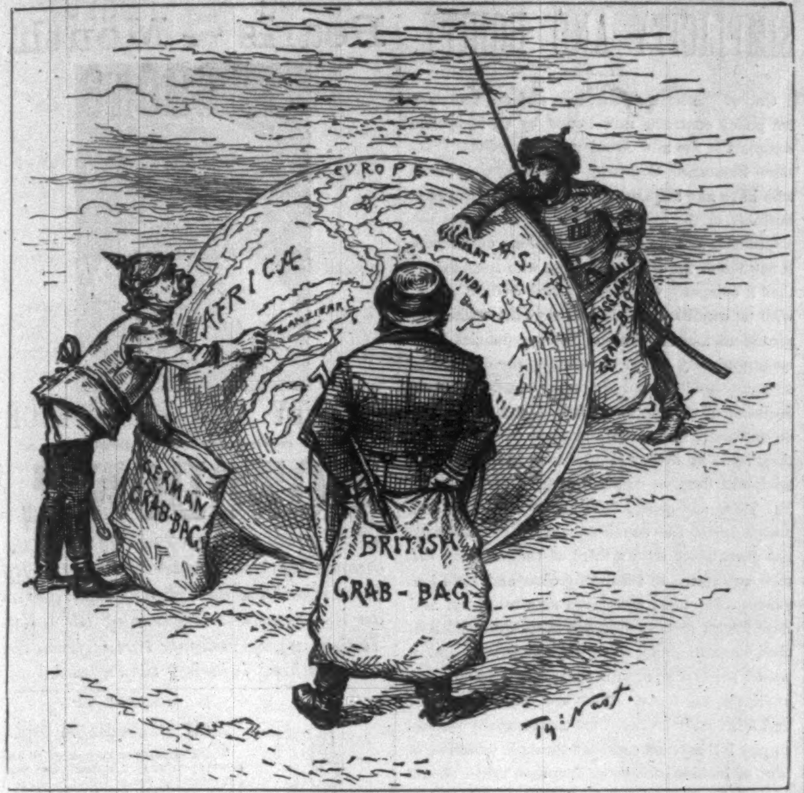

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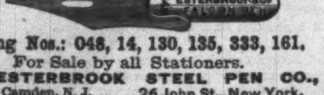

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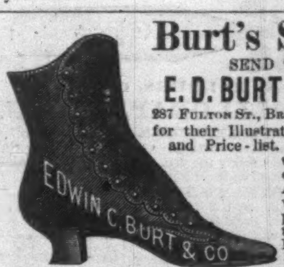

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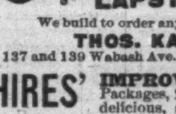

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